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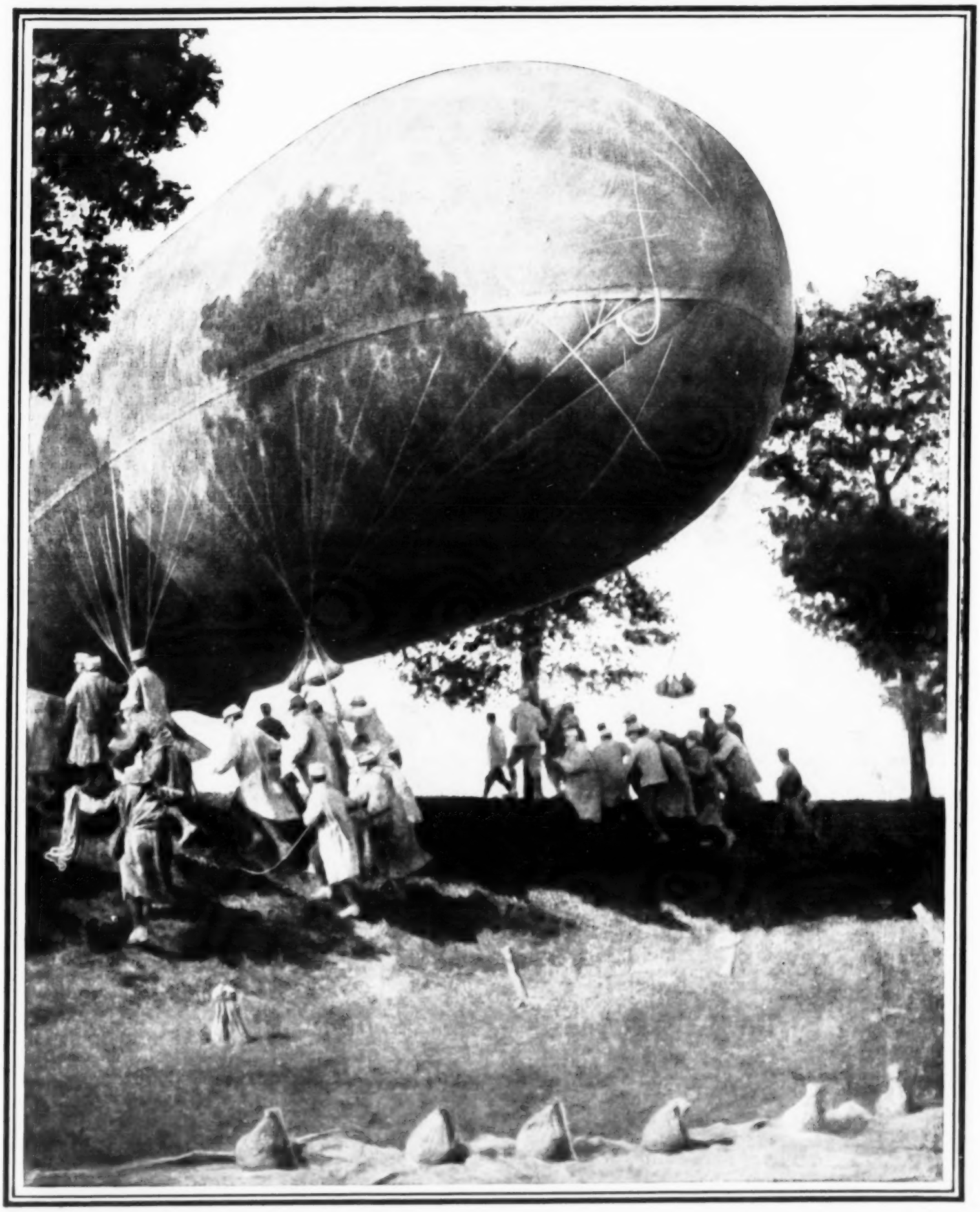

HOW AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON IS SHIFTED TO A NEW POSITION: A FRENCH "SPOTTER" MOVING FROM AN "UNHEALTHY" LOCALITY.

This interesting photograph, enlarged from a small snapshot taken somewhere on the French front, shows a captive observation-balloon being moved away from a position where it was receiving too much attention from the enemy's shells. On the back of the photograph were written the words: "On reçoit trop de marmites: la saucisse cède la place." ("We are getting too many 'marmites': the sausage yields ground.") "Marmite" (a saucepan or cauldron) is the well-known French nickname for one of the larger types of German shells, while "saucisse" (sausage) is, of course, the term applied to the balloon itself.

ROUMANIA.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

THE tide of momentous events is still rolling menacingly away from France and Flanders to the Ægean and the Black Seas, sweeping away many a cherished landmark. Philhellenism as a political element—a rôle it certainly played in France—has already resolved itself into a dream leaving behind a vague feeling of moral discomfort. For while Entente diplomatists stood smiling like the Magi before the little Hellenic State offering it precious gifts from the East, an unseen Circe transformed the face of the apparition and in lieu of the Greece of Venezelos they beheld a gross imitation of a frowsy Germania, with a pointed helmet for head-gear. Venezelos, the patriot, had given place to the Kaiser's brother-in-law, Field-Marshal of the Prussian Army; and instead of an interchange of presents and good offices, the talk turned upon treachery, stabs in the back, and the certainty of reprisals.

The relations between the neutral States and the Entente belligerents are fraught with some of the most curious phenomena witnessed during the present struggle. The Allies, for example, based their defensive war on a political gospel, with a heaven for all but no hell nor purgatory for any—a gospel which promised life and independence to the lesser political communities, and made the promise unconditionally. A generous message, it became, under the circumstances, Quixotic. The miniature political organisms, now invested with unwonted importance, professed to welcome the glad tidings, but, like Chaucer's "Smylers with the knyf under the cloke," made ready, if interest should prompt, to stab their well-wishers in the back, that being the traditional method of all those South-Eastern peoples. The more conscientious individuals among them reconciled principles with backslidings somewhat as follows: "Our national aspirations," they argued, "will be realised gratuitously if the Allies win. For that is one of the necessary corollaries of their principles. But how if they be defeated? That, too, is a possibility—to our thinking, a probability—and as such ought also to be provided for. And there is only one way: Let us keep in with both sides as long as we may, but especially with the Central Empires, because their 'frightfulness' is so appalling that we cannot bring it down on ourselves and live. Besides, if we win their good graces, we shall stand to benefit, no matter which side gets the upper hand. As soon, therefore, as we see the balance turn definitively in favour of the Teutons, let us help them actively. For our hope lies in the friendship of the winners." Those are the tactics of King Constantine of Greece.

To the British nation Roumania's behaviour is still shrouded in haziness. Very little is known for certain about the sayings and doings of the Cabinet, which consists of many figure-heads and one live man—John Bratianu, the Premier—and that little has been garbled and misconstrued. The sifted data for a judgment are briefly these:—

The late King Carol, who still reigned when war was declared, was bound by a convention with the Central Empires. Being an upright man, wont to keep his word, as soon as the blast of the war-trumpet was heard, he would fain have mobilised his Army and sent it to take the field against Russia and her Allies. But his advisers effectively vetoed his efforts. He soon afterwards died, hoping to the last to bring them round to his way of reading the situation.

Carol's successor is also a Hohenzollern Prince; and, although much less at home in politics than his late uncle, he, too, has his likes and dislikes, which discharge the functions of principles. And he is served by a Minister, who, whatever else may be urged against him, cannot fairly be accused of a lack of patriotism or an excess of enterprise. M. Bratianu has a high conventional reputation to live up to; and, as he also identifies himself with his country, the present and future of his nation are weighing heavily on his shoulders. Hence his every step forward is gauged cautiously with a view to results, but is nowise hampered by ethical qualms.

When reckoning up Teuton influences in Roumania, one should make due allowance for those German interests which have taken deep root under the two Hohenzollern Princes, converting the little realm into a colony of the Fatherland. All the State loans—three milliard francs—were floated by German banks. Well-nigh all the financial institutions of the country are carried on with funds supplied by Austria and Germany. The commercial treaties were drafted with a view to favour Austro-German industry and trade. And to economic were joined political interests by the convention secretly signed by King Carol with Austria.

But despite the extent to which Roumania is thus committed, it was her interest to throw in her lot with the Allies. For millions of Roumanians in Transylvania whom the Hungarian Government has systematically treated as fourth-rate humans, whittling their political and social rights and cramping their freedom of speech and thought, were pining to be set free from the hated yoke. And on three different occasions their emancipation could have been effected. When the Tsar's victorious troops threatened the plains of Hungary from the Carpathians, occupied Bukovina, and offered a powerful right wing to Roumanian armies had they been put in the field, the task was feasible and relatively easy. Again, when the opportunity often foreshadowed by M. Bratianu and other Roumanian Ministers as decisive, had come and

(Continued on Column 3.)

Important Notice to our Readers.

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the best-informed authority on Foreign Affairs and the inner side of International Diplomacy,

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Roumania—Continued.

Italy declared war against Austria, the plan of liberation had it been seriously entertained, might have been put into execution. And, lastly, when Bulgaria mobilised and made ready to stab Serbia in the back.

But on none of those occasions was any endeavour made by the Bratianu Cabinet to strike a blow for the unredeemed Roumanians of Hungary and Austria. Various reasons have been assigned for this strange remissness, some plausible enough, and others obviously halting; but the one satisfactory explanation would seem to lie in the rooted resolve of the Minister and the King to wait and see before committing the country to irrevocable and, it might be, fatal action. It is true that Russia, on her own account and also on behalf of Serbia, had refused obstinately to allow Roumania's claim to two strips of the territory she demanded as her guerdon for active participation in the war. But it is also true that Roumania's demands were extensive, and comprehended new provinces with a population of some seven millions. In this haggling bout months were wasted, mistrust was fostered, and opportunity lost.

[This article is not published in its integral form, but as passed by the Censor. Another article by Dr. Dillon will be published in our next issue.]

NEW NOVELS.

"Mr. Broom and His Brother." The charm of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's writing would throw a veil over the vagaries of any plot, however wild; so that when we say that "Mr. Broom and His Brother" (Chapman and Hall) capers joyously into the regions of improbability, we are not implying that any reader need hesitate to pursue it to the happy ending of the final chapter. The people are as natural, as terse, and as wittily observed as Mrs. Sidgwick's people always are; and her Ruritanian kingdom fits them as admirably, when the second part of the story arrives, as the better-known Italian scenes in which the preliminary action takes place. We begin with the heir to a kingdom in disguise as an English millionaire's secretary, and the richest girl in Great Britain in the hands of a pair of adventurers; and we proceed to see the Prince circumvent the villains and marry the wealthy lady. Here the story might be thought to come to its natural end. Not a bit of it: follow the further experiences of Prince Torquil and his bride, the further machinations of the male and female villain, and the introduction of other innocents and a rogue at least as bad as the original pair. It is only on emerging, after having finished the book, from Mrs. Sidgwick's spell, that it is possible to reflect how seldom things happen as they happen in "Mr. Broom and His Brother." And by that time who can cavil at the plot? Nothing remains but to be heartily grateful for an evening's entertainment.

"Beltane the Smith." Mr. Jeffery Farnol has written a romance of Merrie England, laying careful emphasis on the side more often turned face to wall by the romantic writer—the Boche-like methods of mediæval gentlemen when dealing with that *Dungervolk*, the peasantry. "Beltane the Smith" (Sampson Low, Marston) is the history of Beltane, the golden youth dispossessed of his dukedom by his father's crime, who rises suddenly from his obscurity to redress the wrongs of the people. He strides into the world from a woodland sanctuary, to find every manner of wrong being perpetrated by the strong upon the weak, the knights upon the simple country folk. Beltane has a magic courage and power of leadership, and to him rallies a handful of repentant rascals and outlaws, who render him loyal service in his crusade for the right. They achieve marvels—this being the Middle Ages, the time of marvels—and the fame of Beltane strikes terror to the hearts of the tyrants. There are lovely ladies in Mr. Farnol's gallant chronicle; and Beltane loves with an ardour equal to his strength, and goes through many pains and perils, as a bold lover should, until he comes triumphantly into his own. It all makes a fine, brave story, and Mr. Farnol has reason, we think, to be proud of his achievement.

"The Son of His Father." Gordon Carbhoy, the "star part" in "The Son of His Father," by Ridgwell Cullum (Chapman and Hall), is full of bounding, bouncing, bully American life. He bubbles over with Yankee slang and sentiment and the joy of the untrammelled grafter. Why? Just because he is the son of Millionaire Carbhoy, whom he apostrophises affectionately in this fashion: "Immorality? Psha! Was there ever anything more immoral than modern finance? You imply I have learned nothing of your organisation in the three years I've been one of your secretaries. Dad," he warned, "I've learned enough to have a profound contempt for the methods of big corporations, in this country or anywhere else. It's all graft—graft of one sort or another. Do you need me to tell you of it? No, I don't think so. Twenty-five millions wouldn't cover the fortune you've made. I know that well enough. How has it been made? Here, I'll just give you one instance of the machinations of a big corporation. How did you gain control of the Union Grayling and Ukataw Railroad? Psha! What's the use? You know. You hammered it, hammered it to hell. You got your own people into it and sat back while they nearly ran it into bankruptcy under your orders. Then you bought it right up, and—sent it ahead. Immoral? It makes me sweat to think of the people who must have lost fortunes in that scoop." And so great is the old man's love for his offspring that he gives him his blessing and sends him out into the world to convert five thousand dollars into a hundred thousand in six months as the price of future partnership. Gordon jumps at the proposition, and works it out by suborning a telegraph clerk and kidnapping an agent, and fraudulently impersonating his dear old dad, to a running accompaniment of cowboys and Western female loveliness. It is all very spirited, and nicely calculated to show the immense advantage of being joyfully dishonest on a big enough scale.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY must have noticed that the very names in this war, especially in the North of France, are like the names in an allegory. They are like the stages in a Pilgrim's Progress or a mystery play like "Everyman." Many must have felt what symbols might be made of such names as The Wood of the Chosen or The Wood of the Priest. But the most artistic of all these accidents, a coincidence that crystallises the most central elements of this conflict, can be found in the fact that one of these woods (in which the bayonet-work, as it happens, seems to have been particularly bitter and brilliant) bears the name of The Wood of the False Mirror. If I were writing a symbolic romance about this highly symbolic struggle, and if I represented St. Denis or St. George or some such champion being asked upon what quest he was riding, I should find it very comprehensive to make him answer: "To break a false mirror."

In the innermost of all its issues, this war is being fought about whether Pride is a sin. Germans as such are quite capable of being modest—in some aspects quite madly modest: they submit easily to fools and are gulled easily by fallacies. But even when they abound in modesty they believe in pride. It is in pride that they put their trust; in pride—or, in other words, in Prussia. It is not merely that all their hopes are set on the success of arrogant men; their hopes are definitely and unmistakably set upon their arrogance. They are glad the Junkers are not humble. The South Germans may confess their sins, but they do not confess their deepest sin. For it is that, when they really look for orders and really look for aid, they look "beyond good and evil." They look to the Supermen. The South Germans may still have their fairies and saints; but they have made their saints as small and fantastic as their fairies. When it comes to business, they turn their backs on their cathedrals, heavy with the hagiologies of humility, and look where the exultant barbarians have hewn out their Hindenburg, from whence cometh their help.

Now it is perfectly true that many others besides the Germans have trusted in such an idol. I do not denounce this idolatry because it has never touched my own countrymen; but, on the contrary, because it has. We also have looked into the false mirror. If we ask what is the difference, we shall, I think, decide that the difference is this: that the Englishman, like other Christians, does in his heart know that pride is a sin, whereas the Prussian really thinks it is a virtue. From this inconsistency comes what many call the hypocrisy of the English; and it is quite on the cards that it sometimes is hypocrisy.

I have received a communication—notable, perhaps, rather for heat than light—from an Irish-American gentleman, who threatens to visit Europe and come to see me; and I am sure he will be very welcome. I fear he will not find things altogether as he hopes, for he is under the impression that my countrymen and I have been scourged to death (it may be "scrouged to death"—it is a matter of handwriting); he expects, I say, to find me scourged to death by the Germans and playing golf; and I can accommodate him in neither particular. He is not very well-informed about the progress of the war: I think he must have been reading some of the English papers. But he seems to me a quite honest man, and he says one quite honest thing, which raises the real question. He says, "Irish-Americans are bitterly hostile to Great Britain. Do you blame them?" To which I answer that I do not. I draw their attention to the singular fact that there is much more sympathy for the Allies in Ireland itself, which is close to the facts, than in Irish-America, which is not. And I can tell them the reason, if they care to believe me in the matter. It is because the Irish at home know what the English are like now, especially the younger English; whereas the Irish abroad naturally inherit the memory of an older and uglier Englishry. I do not blame the honest American Fenian for being against England. But I do most emphatically blame him for being against Belgium, against Poland, against Serbia, against Montenegro, against Denmark, against Alsace, against all the small, sensitive, and religious nationalities over which the Prussian Imperialist lords it in his large boots. In short, I do most emphatically blame the Irishman for being against Ireland, and against all the other unhappy Irelands which have shared her faith and her tragedy. And I do say that, if he must hate England, there is no conceivable ground of principle for hating England which is not a ground for hating Prussia much more. The very worst that England has ever done is much less nakedly coercionist than the very best that Prussia promises. England, the older nation, has from time to time fallen into the heresy of mere conquest. Prussia, the newer nation, is founded on the heresy of mere conquest. She never had any other reason for existence; and without it she would never have existed. England and Ireland have quarrelled about divergent philosophies and policies debatable as rivals in abstract reason. England has been Protestant when Ireland was Catholic, Whig when Ireland was Jacobite, with the Allies against Napoleon when Ireland was with the French in support of Napoleon. But what has Prussia ever been except Prussian? When did she ever fight for any cause but herself or work for any end but herself? When did Prussians ever feel, or even profess to feel, for one single unfortunate people as Englishmen certainly felt for Garibaldi and Lee, or Irishmen for Arabi and De Wet? If you do not like harsh, superciliious, materialistic militarism, you do not like Prussia, for there is nothing else to like or dislike.

But perhaps you do like it, and there lies the whole battle with which I began this article. It is possible to stimulate in oneself a servile and effeminate admiration for mere success—for whatever is strong, or says it is strong. Under this loathsome malady the mind of Germany has really fallen—and, until a little time ago, a great part of the mind of Europe also. This is that false mirror that shall be broken, that it may magnetise men no more. We do not pretend to these tyrants that we could never be tempted to such tyranny. But we do answer them to-day as a man answers devils, in the great hour when they tempt in vain.

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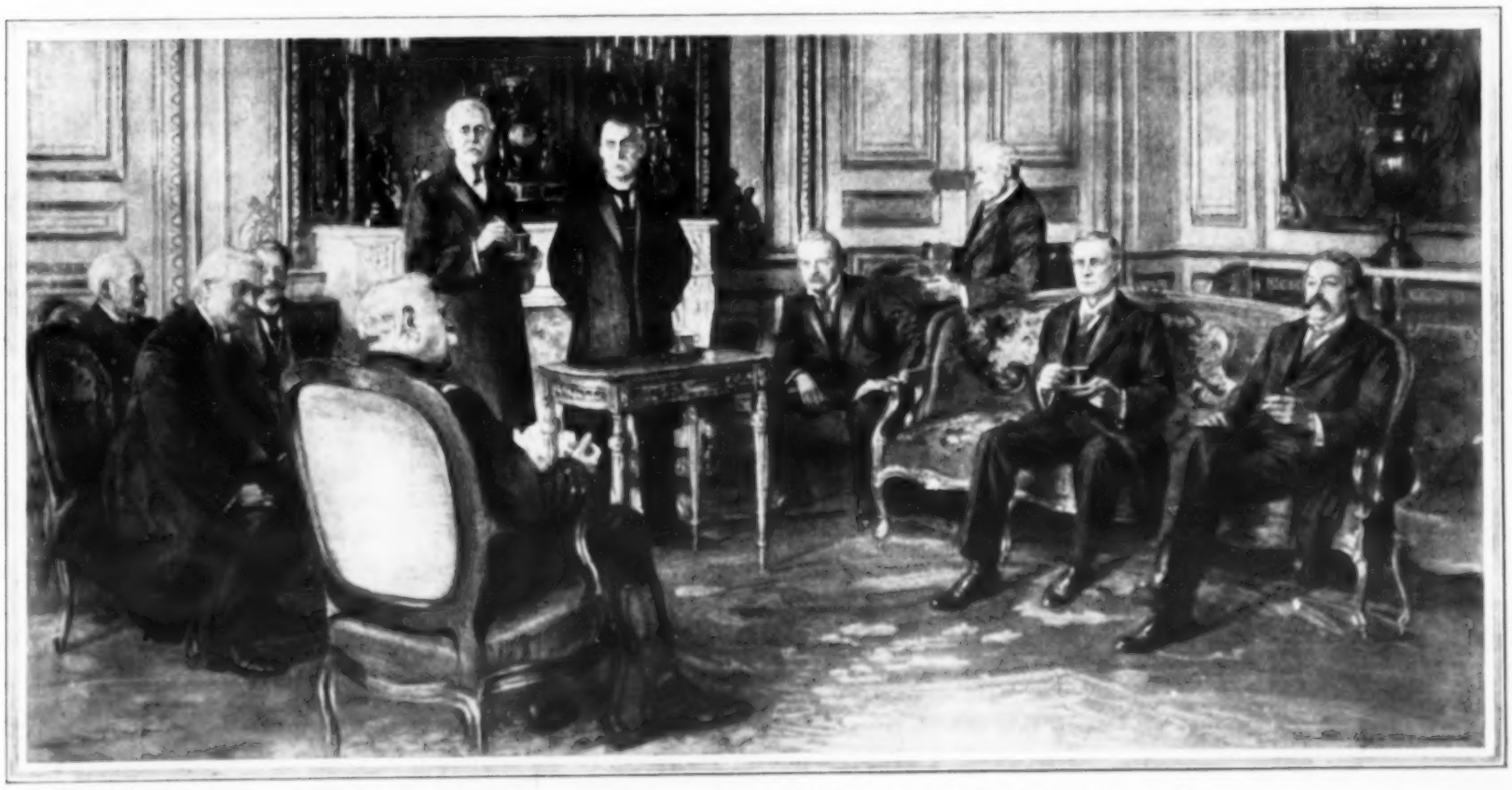


THE FRANCO-BRITISH WAR-CONFERENCE IN PARIS: A "CONVERSATION" AFTER LUNCH AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

From left to right are seen Admiral Lacaze, French Minister of Marine; Mr. Asquith; M. de Margerie, French Permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs; General Joffre; Mr. Balfour; General Galliéni, French Minister for War; Mr. Lloyd George; Lord Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris; Sir Edward Grey; and M. Aristide Briand, the French Premier. [Drawn by J. Simont.]

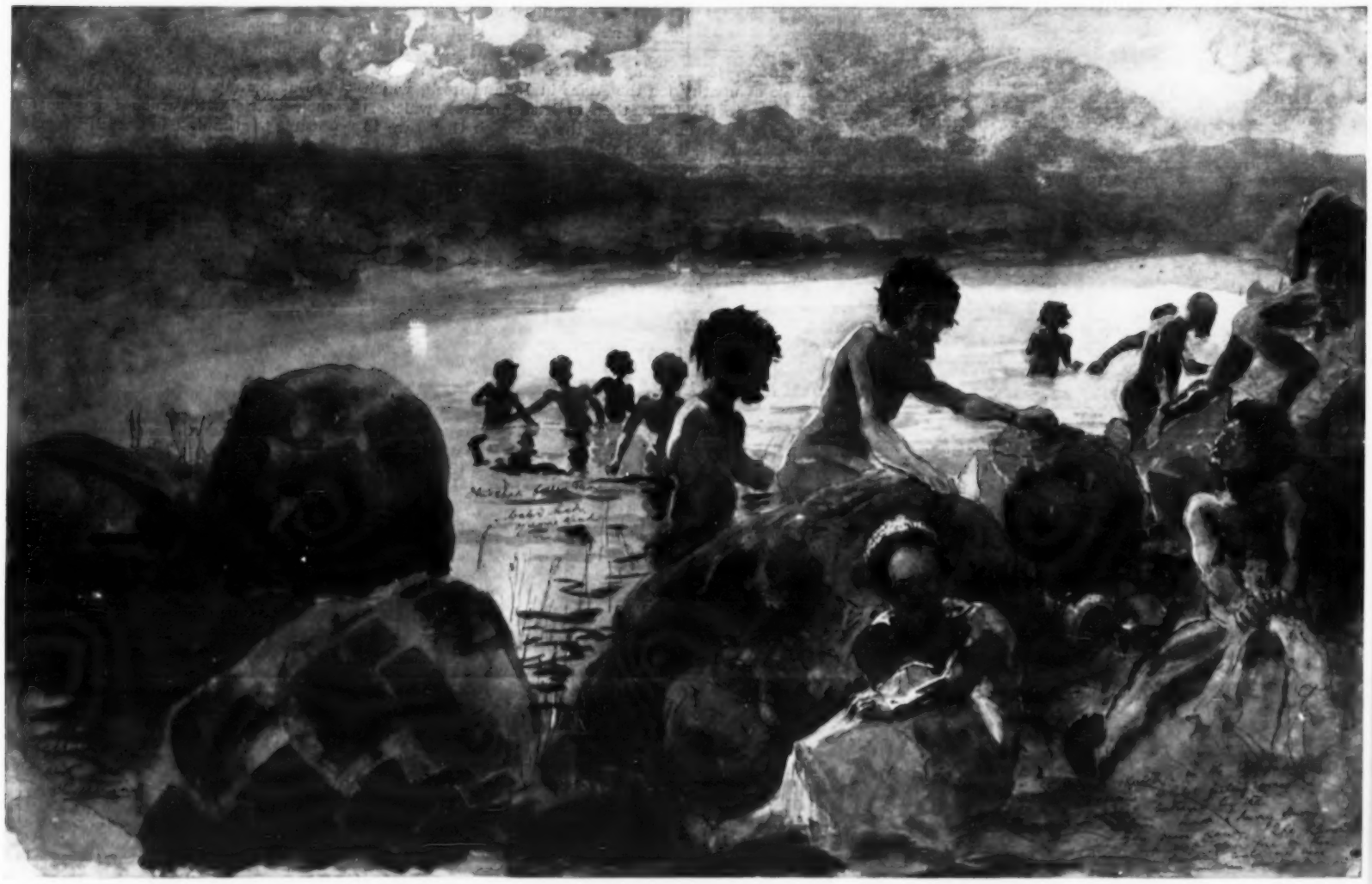
FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF OUR ARTIST IN THE

Facsimile Sketches by H. C. Seppings-Wright, our Special

A TYPICAL COSSACK LEADER: A RAPID SKETCH AT THE FRONT.

WHERE THE WAR HAS AN OLD-WORLD AIR TURKISH PRISONERS UNDER COSSACK ESCORT.

CARRYING THEIR PRAYER-CARPETS: COSSACKS OF BOULDERS, IN



REVEALED TO THE ENEMY BY THE MOON WHILE FISHING NAKED AT NIGHT; BUT NOT FIRED UPON: COSSACKS HURRYING OUT OF THE WATER.

As our artist's notes written on the sketches may not be legible in the reduced size, we give here details amplifying the titles, taking the drawings in order from left to right, beginning at the top. No. 1 explains itself. Of No. 2 Mr. Seppings-Wright says: "There is quite an old-world flavour about this end of the war, which is very striking." The large figure in the foreground is a Russian sentry. The Turkish prisoners squatting in groups are evidently fighting their battles o'er again. No. 3 bears the following notes: "Across the stony steppe in the Caucasus—every size and shape of boulder and stone—not a green or living thing to be seen." The Cossack in front carries his prayer-carpet rolled across his saddle, and under it a hay-net. No. 4: "Here are a group of Turkish prisoners feeding. The Russians are most kind to these chaps. Hot meals are provided as soon as possible. The Mahomedans eat out of a common dish—a metal dish like a bath, containing mutton soup. Note how delicately they use the hand. . . . The *bashlik* (or hood) is generally worn by the Turks, but of course one sees them in all sorts of head-covering. The artillerymen affect a little peak in doing up their *bashlik* by pulling out the fold over the forehead. Line of snow-peaks in the

CAUCASUS: SKETCHES OF THE GRAND DUKE'S ARMY.

War-Artist with the Russian Army in the Caucasus.

CROSSING A STONY STEPPE, LIKE A GLACIER THE CAUCASUS.

MOST KINDLY TREATED AND WELL FED BY THE RUSSIANS: TURKISH PRISONERS EATING FROM A COMMON DISH.

PROUD OF HIS PRIZES: A COSSACK WITH TWO TURKISH PONIES HE HAS CAPTURED.

WAR AMID THE ROCKS AND GORGES OF THE CAUCASUS: A RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON TURKISH POSITIONS IN A DEFILE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

distance." No. 5: "A Cossack, dressed in a *bourka* (or great-coat) with two Turkish ponies that he captured; in the horse-lines of a Cossack camp." No. 6: "Cossacks whilst fishing were suddenly betrayed by the moon. Such a hurry-scurry you never saw. The Turks did not open fire on them. Their position (seen in left background) could not have been more than 1000 yards away. The nets, of course, were lost." No. 7 (left background): "Turks' line of retreat up defile. (Nearer, to left of defile) A Russian masked battery of mountain howitzers concealed among rocks and weeds. (Left foreground) Russian reserves among rocks and herbage. (Centre background) Turkish position on plateau of high bluff, with Russian shells bursting. (Centre foreground) Russian observation-officers, with range-finder and telephone on high rock. (Right background) Russian troops attacking along valley (x indicates where they entered it). Direction of Russian Army—towards extreme right. . . . (Right foreground) A road winding through mountains, and just across it a field hospital and horse-lines—a place much exposed; occasional bullets find their way to it. The figure next to the tent is a Cossack lady."—*[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

LIFE IN THE RUHLEBEN INTERNMENT CAMP FOR BRITISH CIVILIANS.

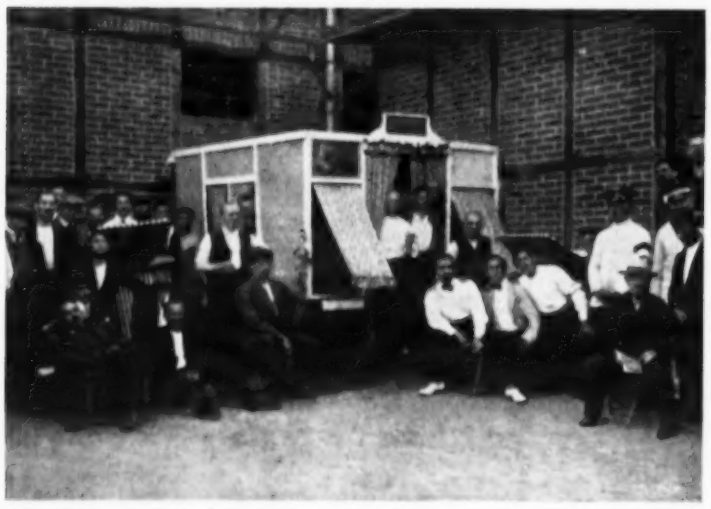
RECREATION FOR BRITISH CIVILIANS INTERNED AT THE RUHLEBEN CAMP: A GAME OF CRICKET.

SOME OF THE 4500 BRITISH CIVILIAN PRISONERS INTERNED IN GERMANY: GOING TO DRAW RATIONS.

MUCH APPRECIATED: SERVING OUT MILK AT RUHLEBEN CAMP.

DURING THE RECREATION HOURS: A GAME OF CHESS.

RELIGION AT RUHLEBEN: THE ALTAR OF A CHURCH IN THE CAMP.



A "SUMMER HOUSE" IN THE CAMP: "LA BOHÊME," ITS PROPRIETORS AND SOME FRIENDS.

MAKING THE STAGE: THE THEATRE OF THE BRITISH CIVILIAN CAMP AT RUHLEBEN.

It is good to be able to record that great improvement has been made in the treatment of the prisoners interned at the camp for British civilians at Ruhleben-bei-Spandau. As far back as June, the Press Bureau were able to issue a satisfactory report made by Mr. G. W. Minot, and transmitted by the American Embassy in Berlin to Sir Edward Grey. It was then written: "Of the 4500 British civilian prisoners interned in Germany, approximately 4000 are at this date held at Ruhleben. . . . Within a few months all the British civil prisoners interned in Germany will be in Ruhleben." The report then went on to say that eight new one-storey barracks had been erected, one of them with a special view towards housing convalescent or delicate prisoners. Arrangements had been made for prisoners to use the ground encircled by the race-track for sports; and a football field and a small golf-course had been laid out. It was further decided that destitute prisoners should receive five marks a week with which to buy extra food, clothing, and so on. Various other details received attention, and among the improvements was a decision that the camp should be regulated by a police force of British subjects.

A SIGHT COMMON IN WAR: BIG SHELLS BURSTING NEAR A TRENCH.

LIKE THE EXPLOSION OF A LAND-MINE! GERMAN HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS BURSTING.

This illustration from a German paper offers a vivid picture of the havoc wrought by the bursting of big shells among trees, especially when falling in soft ground. At first glance, it suggests the explosion of a land-mine, hurtling high into the air a mass of débris enveloped in a dense column of black smoke. It shows a small grove, which, as the description under the German original states, was situated not far from the trenches of the Allies, under fire from German high-explosive shells. In places along the front, as has been shown in photographs in previous issues, whole forests of well-grown timber have been battered down by shell-fire, which has left only rows of scarred and splintered tree-stumps, with shattered branches strewn over the ground, and maimed trunks where formerly noble woodlands extended, some of which had existed there for centuries.

THE CAMERA AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT: NOTES BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photographs by C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, Illustrations Bureau, etc.

SUFFERERS BY INVASION: SERBIAN GIRLS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

TYPICAL OF MANY WHO HAVE HAD TO FLEE THEIR COUNTRY: A SERBIAN PEASANT FAMILY.

SUFFERERS BY INVASION: SERBIAN WOMEN IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

AWARDED THE FRENCH WAR CROSS FOR GALLANTRY AT LOOS: MLLE. EMILIENNE MOREAU, DECORATED.

IN THE LINE OF *DÉCORÉS*: MLLE. MOREAU, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD HEROINE OF LOOS, AT THE CEREMONY AT VERSAILLES.

AN EXCELLENT RECRUITING IDEA: THE PERSUASIVE ROLL OF HONOUR OF CHEW MAGNA, IN SOMERSET.

AS "SPOTTED" BY A BRITISH AEROPLANE: THE GERMAN RAIDING-CRUISER "KOENIGSBERG" HIDING UP THE RUFIGI RIVER.

Serbia, fighting for her life, has suffered terribly. Her soldiers, of course, have had extremely hard fighting; but their lot has been less terrible, perhaps, than that of the refugees fleeing before the advance of the invaders. In a despatch to the United Press of America, Mr. William G. Shepherd said: "The entire world must prepare to shudder when all that is happening on the Albanian refugee trails finally comes to light. The horrors of the flight of the hapless Serbian people are growing with the arrival here (at Salonika) of each new contingent from the devastated district. They say that nearly the whole route from Prizrend to Monastir is lined with human corpses, [illegible] while thousands of old men, women, and children are lying on the rocks and in the thickets beside the trail, exhausted and foodless, awaiting the end."——At Versailles, the other day, General Dessailly presented the War Cross to Mlle. Emilienne Moreau, who, when the British were attacking at Loos, assisted in the fighting by guiding our troops, and by killing five of the enemy with grenade and revolver.——The "Koenigsberg" sought refuge up the Rufigi, and hid there until "spotted"—and photographed—by British naval aeroplanes, and destroyed by monitors. In the photograph the "Koenigsberg" is seen towards the background (on the right); nearer is a supply-ship.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

Photographs by Sarony, Daroe, Melbourne, Keturah Collings, Elliott and Fry, Swaine, Bassano, and Weston.

Lord Kesteven was the third Baron and the only son of the late Major Robert Trollope. The Barony is now extinct, but the Baronetcy devolves upon Mr. W. H. Trollope, of 5, Montagu Square, son of the late General Sir Charles Trollope and nephew of the first Peer. Capt. Robert Montefiore Sebag-Montefiore was the eldest son of the late Arthur Sebag-Montefiore and Mrs. Sebag-Montefiore, of 2, Palace Houses, and grandson of the late Sir Joseph Sebag-Montefiore. He married, in 1910, Ida Marie, younger daughter of Sir Marcus and Lady Samuel. Lieut.-Col. Alexander William Abercrombie has died as "prisoner of war." He had served with distinction in the Burmese Expedition, 1886-9, and in the South African War. Lieut.-Col. J. R. Beech, C.M.G., D.S.O., served through the Egyptian War, the Gordon Relief Expedition, and the Soudan Campaign and his is the only seven-clasp medal of that campaign. For his service on a mission from Queen Victoria to King John of Abyssinia he was awarded the C.M.G., and his D.S.O. he got after the Battle of Toski, 1889. Capt. the Hon. Sir Schomberg McDonnell was the younger brother of the Earl of Antrim. He was one of the best-known men in the world of politics and Society, and was private secretary to the late Marquess of Salisbury for ten years. He was on terms of personal friendship with most of the representatives of foreign Powers at the Court of St. James. He married, in 1913, Ethel Henry, daughter of the late Major Alexander H. Davis, of La Floridiana, Naples.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY

Jeering at Murderers Trespassing on their Ground: Students out of School (15th Century).

University Life in the Sixteenth Century: A Doctor Receiving the Signs of his Degree.

Learning under Difficulties in a Cluster of a Cathedral: Students in School (13th Century).

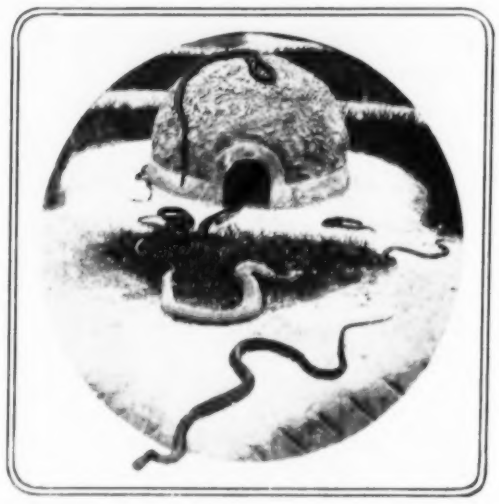
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE DISEASE OF HOT CLIMATES.

DYSENTERY has, according to common report, broken out among our troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and Mr. Tennant, in a recent answer in the House of Commons, gave the total number of deaths from disease and accident there at 55 officers and 1700 men. It is not a very large fraction of the troops engaged, but the time of year is unfavourable to the spread of the complaint, which has a nasty habit of lying dormant during the winter, to break out with increased violence in the spring. Manifestly, therefore, the present is the proper time for dealing with it, instead of waiting, as is our national habit, until it claims a huge number of victims before taking steps for its prevention.

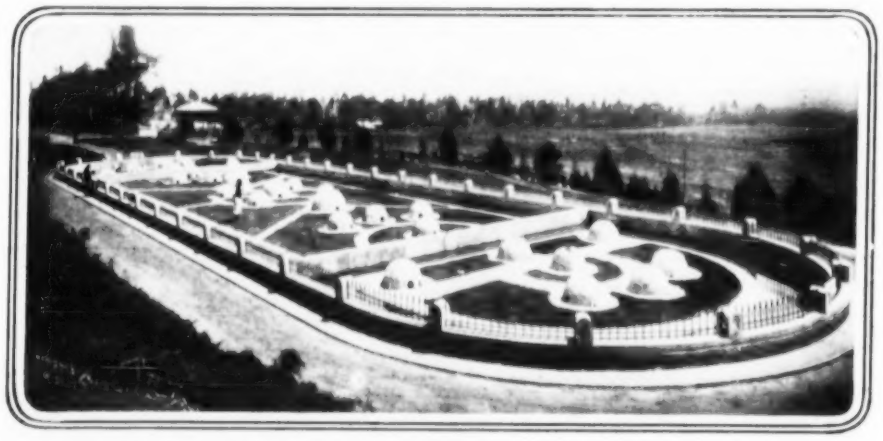
Now dysentery, like meningitis, or, to a smaller extent, typhoid fever, is peculiarly an affair of youth, few Europeans from twenty to thirty years old for long escaping it when sojourning in hot climates. Beginning with what seems ordinary diarrhœa and colic pains, the patient soon finds himself voiding mucus streaked in an increasing degree with blood, accompanied with severe pains in the abdomen and other distressing symptoms. There is seldom fever, except in bad cases, but extreme emaciation before long sets in, and unless the disease be checked, quickly reduces the sufferer to a mere skeleton. It runs a course of from four to eight days in light attacks, or from three to six weeks where the symptoms are unfavourable, the average being about forty days. In fatal cases—which, however, are not very common—death supervenes in two or three weeks after the attack manifests itself.

The treatment, so far as ordinary medicine and nursing is concerned, happens to be peculiarly difficult under active-service conditions. Calomel at the beginning of the attack is recommended by the Japanese doctors, who have studied the complaint with a thoroughness and an insight which leave nothing to be desired. Castor-oil has also been found to be of service; while a German man of science is strongly in favour of enemata of methylene blue. With this the treatment, so far as it can be applied in the conditions prevailing on the Gallipoli beaches, ends, with one exception to be presently noted.



IN THEIR SCIENTIFIC PARADISE: NON-VENOMOUS REPTILES DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN THE SNAKE-GARDEN AT BUTANTAN.

Perfect rest and warm clothing, especially round the stomach, are prescribed. No solid food should be given, but chicken-broth, white of egg, barley or rice-water, and, above all, milk—neither hot nor cold, but tepid—should be the only diet, although the Japanese have found beneficial the use of a certain species of fish peculiar to Japan. We can imagine what chance there is of our soldiers obtaining such a diet on the shell-swept ledges on the coast, or even on the hospital-ships where they are alone likely to obtain prolonged medical care.



WHERE SNAKE-BITE AND ITS ANTI-TOXINS ARE SCIENTIFICALLY INVESTIGATED: THE SNAKE-GARDENS AT BUTANTAN BRAZIL.

Yet there is a treatment perfectly capable of application even on the Turkish coast, if only organised in time. Dysentery, according to the latest researches, is generally due to the presence of a special bacillus called *B. dysenteriae*, which passes from one person to another in drinking water, by contact with soiled clothing, or, more often, by means of the myriads of flies and other winged insects which haunt the trenches. Besides this, there is an identical or almost exactly similar disease which seems to be caused not by a bacillus, but an amœba, or protozoon, discovered by Professor Osler. Serums have also been thought out which, on the best Japanese authority, are efficacious in dealing with this bacillus and this amœba respectively; and the celebrated biologist, Shiga, of the Kitasato Institute of Tokio, highly commends a polyvalent serum which is destructive of both. Its power of conferring immunity does not manifest itself for eight days after inoculation, and the immunity it confers lasts at the most for two months. But it can be administered with excellent effect after the disease has declared itself, when it greatly alleviates its virulence, reducing the length of the average attack from forty to twenty-five days, and diminishing the severity of the most painful symptoms. Our Japanese Allies have shown themselves so anxious to help the common cause that we may be sure they will willingly co-operate with us in this matter; and, so far as lay opinion is entitled to be heard in such a case, it seems imperative that a large supply of the Japanese serum should be procured and sent for employment to the Turkish coast. If our rulers fail to take this comparatively easy and simple precaution, and an epidemic of dysentery breaks out in Gallipoli on the return of the spring, there will be one more item to be added to the account against them. F. L.

WHERE SCIENCE STUDIES THE WAYS OF THE SERPENT: THE NON-VENOMOUS SECTION OF THE BUTANTAN SNAKE-GARDEN.

AT AN INSTITUTE FOR INOCULATION AGAINST SNAKE-BITE: A SNAKE CAUGHT IN A CLEFT STICK.

At the Snake Garden of the Seropathic Institute at Butantan, about six miles from Sao Paulo, Dr. Vital Brazil studies the mysteries of ophidian biology. Brazil has many terrible poisonous snakes, which used to kill about 240 people a year, but the anti-toxin serum supplied by the Institute has greatly reduced the mortality. Inoculation against snake-bite was originated by Professor Calmette, of Lille. The snake-garden at Butantan, which is surrounded by a moat of water, resembles a miniature village of savages, with little beehive huts. There are three sections—two reserved for venomous cobras, the third for harmless Mussuranas.

"I AND MY SONS WILL FIGHT": THE HEROIC SERBIAN KING.

IN THE FIELD AT SEVENTY-ONE, AND DETERMINED TO DIE RATHER THAN SUBMIT TO HIS ENEMIES: KING PETER I. OF SERBIA.

In the story of the long-drawn-out martyrdom of Serbia there has been no more heroic figure than that of King Peter. A patriot of patriots, he has fought with his soldiers until, at the battle of Pirot, he fainted from sheer exhaustion, and he inspired his troops with his own courage by his declaration: "I will either be killed by German shrapnel, or I will kill myself when the enemies invade the plain of Kossovo, which saw the fall of the Serbian Empire." The Serbian Army is drawn from a nation of peasant-farmers, men of fine physique and dauntless courage, and inspired by the brave words of King Peter, who, at the beginning of the war, said to them: "You may follow me or not, as you please. I and my sons will fight." Their answer is to be read in the story of their heroism. The King persists in going into the fighting line.

FIRST FLIGHT: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

A LITTLE trill of excitement — someone had pressed a button, and there had been a universal vibration. Then the seat had fitted round him, and his feet were among the pedals, and the wires and the levers and the wheel were under his hands. He was all right then. Fully occupied against fear: cool, hard, magically sure.

They were holding her down, and she was lifting a little as he tested the engine. He had been afraid of his engine all through the night—a good engine, but he had a curious feeling that it wouldn't rise to the occasion. That it would give under the strain, and he would be ended. He knew how silly he had been, now. The engine was sweet. Here was he sitting in his club-seat, part of the whole thing. He could feel the vibrations of the Gnome as the plane felt them, because he and the plane and the engine were all one. He felt the silken, strong movement, and knew it to be good. He smiled down at the Observation Officer. He nodded. All was right.

The Observation Officer was eating ham and bread as he climbed up. He ate it stolidly and urgently. He had been on many flights, and knew flying-hunger. He fitted the 'phone headpiece over his head with one hand because of the deep seduction of his meal, and his thin voice as the electric wire took it through the roar of the engine had a muffled and munching tone. But the 'phone was sweet, too. Everything was quite all right.

The aerodrome staff had been enormously deliberate. The Commander had examined his machine as though he had had private and confidential warning of a secret defect. He seemed anxious that the Aviator should know his instructions backward and forward. The delay annoyed the Aviator. He knew he was all right. And he wanted to be off. He wanted to be off with a terrible swiftness. The aerodrome staff was too motherly. He said as much to the Observation Officer. There was an accent of surprise as well as munch in the answer. "Are they?" his thin voice said. "Are they? I don't notice. Anything wrong?"

The Aviator felt that perhaps he was a little "new."

There was a swirl over the houses as they went off. The machine swung like a boat coming out of a river to sea—a pleasant motion, not really unusual at all. But the Aviator was dazzled at the skill which enabled him to "correct." He felt ecstasy in the certainty and clearness of his faculties. He felt that his gift was remarkable. He even wondered whether the Observation Officer had noticed this important fact. The Observation Officer was bolting the last of his meal. He was examining the map on his map-slope as he ate. The unconcern of the other struck the Aviator as absolutely clod-like.

The swift air passed by them in a deep, fine river flowing in them and through them. The *birr* of the engine had risen until it had become a long, high baritone chant of enormous speed. But the Aviator did not hear these things—he felt them quivering and sentient in every fibre of his body, in every wire of his plane. Glorious and exultant motion! . . . he was conscious all the same of an elusive and uneasy sensation somewhere underneath all this: a cold emptiness in some part of his body—but he could never quite define what part of his body.

The Observation Officer was looking through glasses. The Aviator caught his bent shoulders as he looked up from his speed and altitude dials. It was almost a second before he realised that it had been the Officer's voice that had made him lift his eyes. The Officer was saying, "A little lower, please. A little lower. Take me down a thousand . . . but keep on this line."

The earth lifted up to them sharply and clearly, like a lantern view suddenly screwed into focus. The effect was abrupt, and the Aviator wanted to kick himself. He had made a fault. He had been dangerously stupid. His descent had been too steep. He heard the Officer saying, "Who—oa! Whoa!" He recovered—it seemed by a miraculous effort. Really, it was wonderful how he retrieved his errors. Again he felt amazingly pleased with himself. He was enraptured at the new excellences he discovered in himself under critical and crucial strain. He was filled with joy. He rather wanted to talk about all of it. He would have done so if the Observation Officer had been a soul kindred in imagination. The Officer was materialistic and gross. He was stolidly and deliberately (extraordinary, his slow deliberation) marking his map with coloured pencils, entering upon it the things he was seeing on the earth. He was no more prone to enthusiasm than a road-surveyor on a dull bit of ground. His phlegm amazed and awed the Aviator.

A little fluff of wind from nowhere touched the plane. It rocked softly. The Aviator braced himself for a shock of air more profound. None came. The effect was strange and uncanny. It was a new experience. The Aviator looked below. What had sent aloft that detached swirl?

MEN WHO BROUGHT GOOD NEWS TO GHENT AND ANTWERP BY AIR: LIEUT. ROGER CASTIAN AND HIS OBSERVER STARTING IN THEIR AEROPLANE.

Lieut. Roger Castian, a well-known Belgian military airman, with a companion named Robin, recently flew over Zeebrugge and Antwerp, returning by way of Ghent. At Antwerp and Ghent they dropped bundles of newspapers giving details of the French and British victories, together with a large Belgian flag. They came under fire constantly and had some narrow escapes. On other flights they have brought down one or two Aviatiks.—[*Photo. by Newspaper Illustrations.*]

The state of the ground astonished him. There were fields and little houses, and trees looking like coloured fur on the landscape . . . that was usual, that was all right. But all these things ended suddenly in a boggy patch. All merged into a trampled and hacked belt of ground that looked altogether mud. The sodden and soggy belt of black-grey surprised the Aviator. It was like a football ground after a hot match . . . only the football ground went on in a ribbon of miles . . . miles and miles of it.

The truth came to the Aviator in such a way that he wanted to cry out. He wanted to shout and convey his astounding discovery to the Officer. He wanted to yell, "Good Lord, we're over the trenches! We're right over the firing-line!" The knowledge lifted him right out of himself. It rushed his soul with a furious thrill. It seemed to him that the whole world should know, and know at once, this extraordinary fact: he knew that the whole world would suffer if it were kept in ignorance. But the Observation Officer kept what must be passionate emotion well in hand. He was chewing a square of chocolate now, and his gaze through his glasses was as stolid and as bovine as before.

From the mud, and from the trees and houses beyond the mud, there were breaking into the air tiny, soft-moulded bulbs of steam. The Aviator watched them leaping off the earth and pushing through the trees with a serene glance. They were pretty; he thought they were like white mushrooms growing by rapid miracle; but he was not excited. They came and went, came and went, as steam-puffs out of an exhaust-pipe. He thought nothing of them.

But the plane kicked again, just a little, from another of those unexpected and intangible swirls. It rocked, and grew steady, and then it swayed again. There was no perceptible air-current, and these strange and unnatural disturbances were discomposing . . . a bright spark, as of sun catching a diamond, flickered in the air ahead. Where the spark had appeared, a balloon of vapour materialised out of nothing. It hung thick, in the shape of a pear, then it began to thin and expand. They went through the edge of this marvel, and a thin and bitter reek attacked the Aviator's nose. It stung and pricked. It filled the Aviator at once with a palpitating alarm. He went weak, his heart drummed abnormally. Power deserted his limbs. It was awful. He glanced, with lively horror, below. Those white mushrooms . . . Great God, the place was thick with them! They had, by sheer instinct, come over a place where they were thickest. He wanted, almost, to jump out of his machine and run. And he wanted to start dodging now—to begin swinging his plane this way and that, so that he would mislead the people down below.

They were being fired on . . . fired on . . . the shells were coming up at them, swarms of shells. The enemy were exerting enormous efforts to bring them down. They'd better turn, go back. He began to yell the astonishing news to the Observation Officer. The Observation Officer must be informed at once that they were under fire. It would startle him, but it could not be helped. War was war.

He heard the Observation Officer speaking. The Observation Officer's voice was detached, calm. And the Observation Officer was saying, as one clubman to another, that "that was a near shot." The Aviator was taken aback. He felt like a boy who had been scolded. He wanted to ask "Which one?" for it seemed to him certain that the air was full, packed tight and full with shells. He dare not ask. He dare not question the solid calm of the Officer. He guessed that the other meant the shell whose reek they had plunged through, but he was not sure. There might have been another . . . much nearer. He felt "new," he felt astonishingly young. He was no longer an inspired pilot. He was no longer a man who could do no wrong. He felt "new." The phlegm of the Observation Officer crushed and intimidated him. He did as he was told like a boy. He went on blindly. He knew that shells were coming up to him. He felt thousands of them hurling up and splitting in the air about him. He felt a million deaths clutching at him, snatching at him with eager and skinny claws. His heart was crouching and shivering. But he went on. He seemed to follow lamely and abjectly the lead of this calm officer. He was a little boy, woefully afraid, but doing as he was told. And he did as he was told through an agony of hours that nearly broke his heart.

And gradually, as he followed his leader, he began to forget the white steam-puffs on the earth beneath, he began to forget the myriad deaths dancing up to them through the air. He forgot all things but the job beneath his hands. He had work to do. He'd to go on doing it, go on doing it. He did it.

He had lost the divine sense of power and clarity. He had lost fear. He had become a workman. He had, in fact, become a good military aviator.

THE END.

THE END OF THE "DRESDEN": A SEA STORY TOLD BY THE CAMERA.

At first thought, it would seem that the end of the "Dresden" is so remote a part of the history of the war that to deal with it nowadays were unnecessary. No excuse is needed, however, for the publication of these photographs illustrating the successive stages of the final phase in the enemy ship's career, the unique event of which Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's Island) was the scene on the morning that the last but one of German cruisers seen at sea was finally run down and cornered. It is obvious that they were taken from a vessel in the offing and in the

[Continued opposite.

AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE "DRESDEN": THE GERMAN COMMANDER RETURNING FROM A VAIN EFFORT TO MAKE TERMS.

Continued.]

immediate company of the British squadron which settled accounts with the "Dresden," and, for one reason or another, they have only now reached this country. The "Dresden" was the sole survivor of the German squadron destroyed by Sir Doveton Sturdee off the Falkland Islands, and for some three months after her escape she disappeared from public ken. As the result of information that came to hand, she was being hunted for all the time off the coasts of Chile and Valparaiso by three British ships, the "Glasgow" and "Kent," cruisers, and

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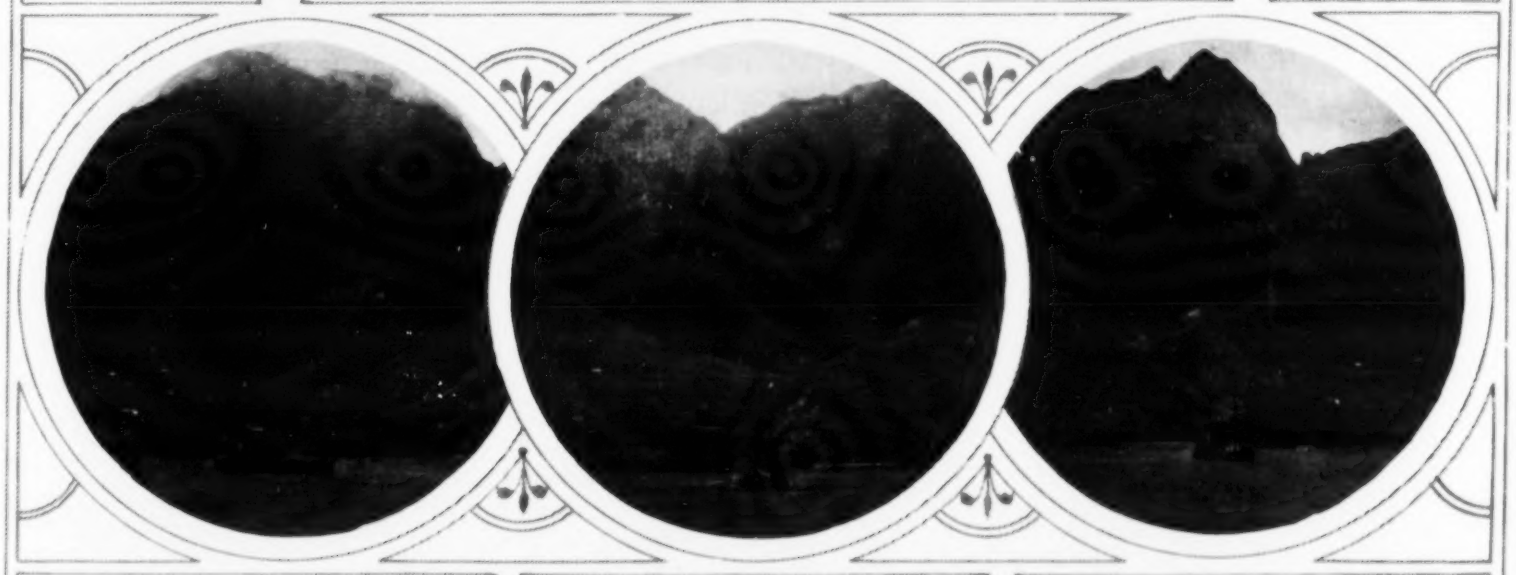
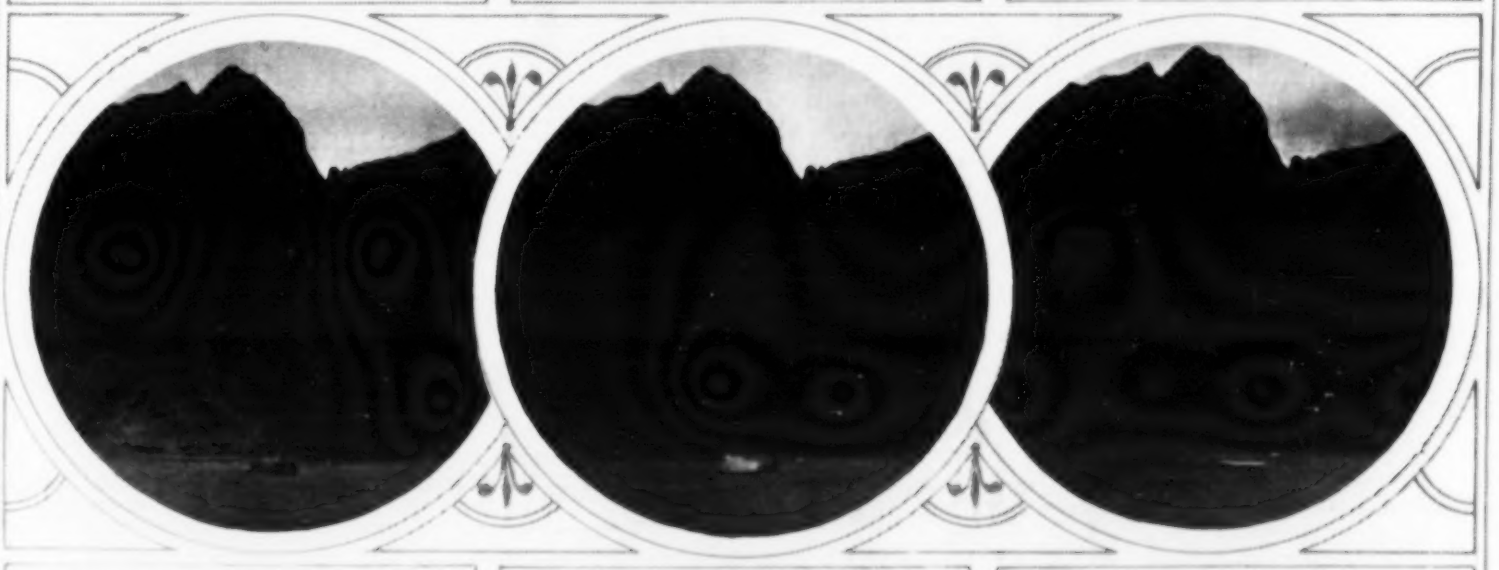


TELL-TALE SMOKE RISING: THE "DRESDEN" ON FIRE.

A RESULT OF FIRE AND EXPLOSION: THE SHIP BEGINNING TO SINK.

NOT TO BE A BRITISH PRIZE: THE SHIP SETTLING DOWN.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END: THE "DRESDEN" HEELING OVER.

JUST BEFORE THE FINAL PLUNGE: THE LAST MINUTE ABOVE WATER.

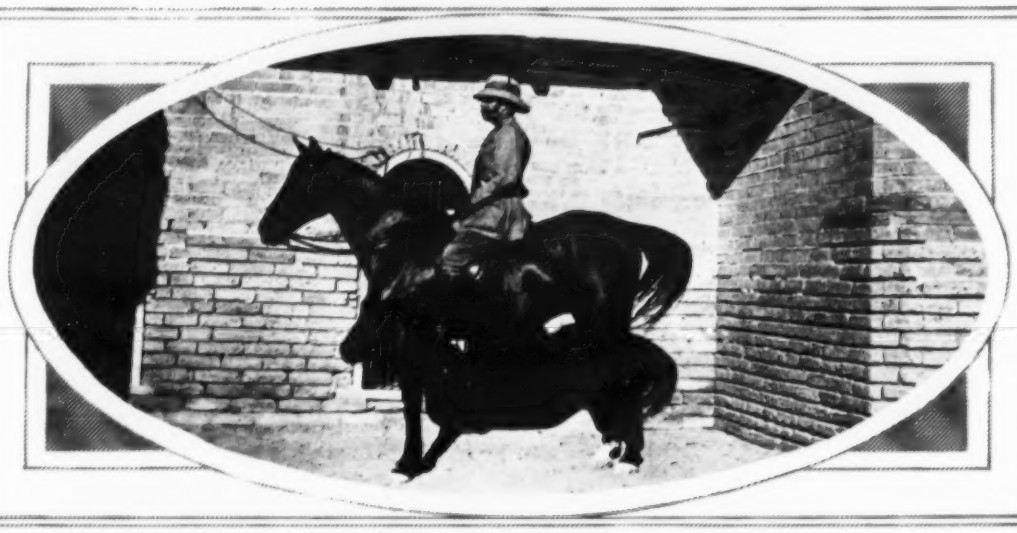
GONE! A MOMENTARY CIRCLE OF WHITE FOAM MARKS THE "DRESDEN'S" GRAVE.

Continued.]

the auxiliary-cruiser "Orama." Early in March definite intelligence of the "Dresden's" whereabouts reached Captain Luce, R.N., of the "Glasgow," the senior officer commanding the squadron. The Germans at the last gave their whereabouts away by sinking a British barque, the "Conway Castle," between Valparaiso and Callao, and not far off the coast. Following hot foot on the latest trail, and also aided by news of a mysterious departure of two German colliers from Valparaiso in a certain direction, on the morning of March 14 the British squadron at length sighted the quarry they sought at anchor off Juan Fernandez. The enemy were fairly taken by surprise at being so discovered, and, moreover, were short of coal. Captain Luce cut off the "Dresden's" retreat seaward and promptly stood in and attacked. In five minutes the "Dresden," in the words of the Admiralty *communiqué*, "hauled down her colours and displayed the white flag." Our photographs take up the tale of what followed in the sequence of events to the end. The official account said: "She was much damaged and set on fire, and after she had been burning for some time her magazine exploded and she sank."

WHERE BRITISH TROOPS ARE FIGHTING NEAR THE CITY

Photographs by Topical, Underwood and Underwood



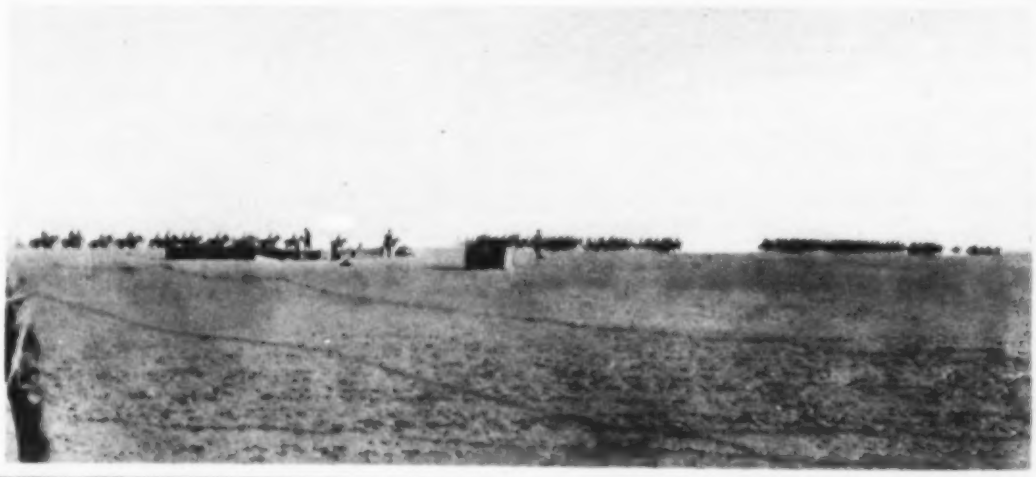
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRILLIANTLY CONDUCTED CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA: GENERAL SIR JOHN NIXON.

WHERE THE TROOPS (AS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) A CORNER O

A FAMOUS RUIN AT CTESIPHON: THE TAKHTI KHESRA, OR "THRONE OF CHOSROES"—ONCE THE WINTER RESIDENCE OF THE PARTHIAN KINGS.

WHERE THE ASS IS A STATELY ANIMAL: A ROAD IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF BAGDAD, LINED WITH DATE-PALMS.

LIKE AN ANCIENT BRITISH CORACLE: A KUFA—ONE OF BAGDAD'S PECULIAR ROUND BOATS.



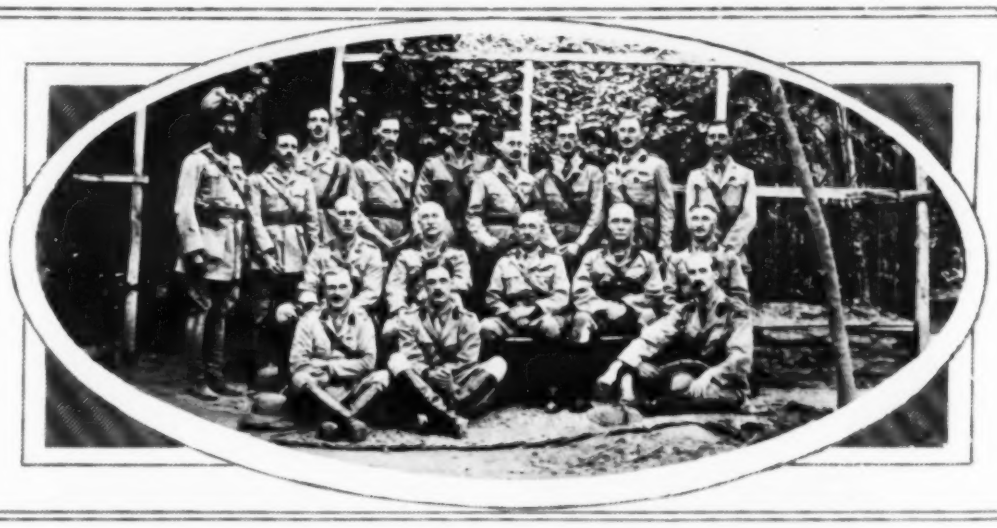
THE DESERT MARCH TOWARDS BAGDAD: BRITISH TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE THEY EXTENDED AND CAME INTO ACTION.

At Ctesiphon and the approaches to Bagdad the Anglo-Indian Expedition under Sir John Nixon, to whose brilliant conduct of the campaign the Prime Minister recently paid a high tribute, is on ground famous both in history and romance—the country of Haroun al Raschid and the "Arabian Nights." The India Office announced that "General Townshend's Division attacked the Turkish position at Ctesiphon, 18 miles from Bagdad, on the 22nd," and a later official statement said: "The Turks are reported to be retiring on Dialah, about 10 miles above Ctesiphon. . . . 1300 (prisoners) have been marched back to Lajj. Our wounded are reported to number about 2500. . . . General Nixon speaks in terms of high praise of the excellent handling of the troops by General Townshend, and of the splendid spirit shown by them." Ctesiphon, now a large village, is on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite the site of Seleucia. One of our photographs shows the magnificent ruins of the Takhti Khesra, or "Throne of Chosroes," with its huge vaulted hall and a portion of the

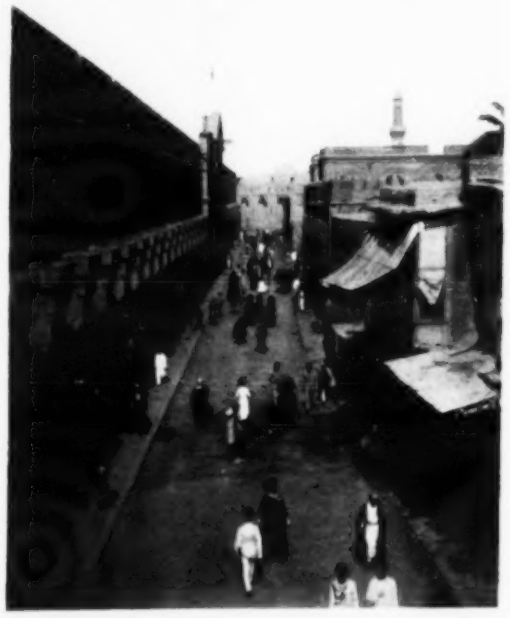
OF "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS": BAGDAD AND CTESIPHON.

G.P.U., and the American Colony at Jerusalem.

WERE ABLE TO BATHE AND PADDLE IN THE RIVER: BRITISH TRENCHES.



THE MEN WHO HAVE LED THE ANGLO-INDIAN FORCES ALONG THE TIGRIS TOWARDS BAGDAD: SIR JOHN NIXON AND THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF.



PICTURESQUE COSTUME "IN INMOST BAGDAD": A STREET WITH NEW TURKISH BARRACKS (ON THE LEFT).

WHERE THE BAGDAD RAILWAY CROSSES THE EUPHRATES: THE NEW TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT JERABLUS, THE ANCIENT CARCHEMISH, FROM THE EAST, OR MESOPOTAMIAN, SIDE OF THE RIVER.

PRAISED FOR HIS "EXCELLENT HANDLING OF THE TROOPS" AT CTESIPHON: GENERAL TOWNSHEND AND HIS STAFF.

THE BUILDING OF A KUFA AT BAGDAD: A BOAT LIKE A BIG ROUND WICKER-BASKET.

façade. It was built under the Arsacidae. Near it is the tomb of the barber of Mahomed, Suleiman Pak. Ctesiphon was once a suburb of Seleucia, after whose decline it became the winter residence of the Parthian kings. Of modern Bagdad, Mr. Perceval Landon writes: "Though the romance of Bagdad is gone—the merchants still sit and make scandal in the same old way, in the same old dress. . . . Of Haroun-al-Raschid's brilliant capital there is not one brick left upon another. . . . the great Kaliph's city was on the western banks of the river, where no one now lives except the Shiahs and the German staff of the Bagdad Railway Company." The railway bridge shown above, which is about a mile long and cost a million francs, is intended to be replaced later by one of stone and steel, costing three million francs. It is feared that the temporary bridge may not withstand the heavy floods of the Euphrates. Beyond it may be seen the mound which is the site of the ancient Hittite capital, Carchemish, where British archaeologists have made important excavations.

WATCHING AN ATTACK UPON THE HILLS THAT GUARD

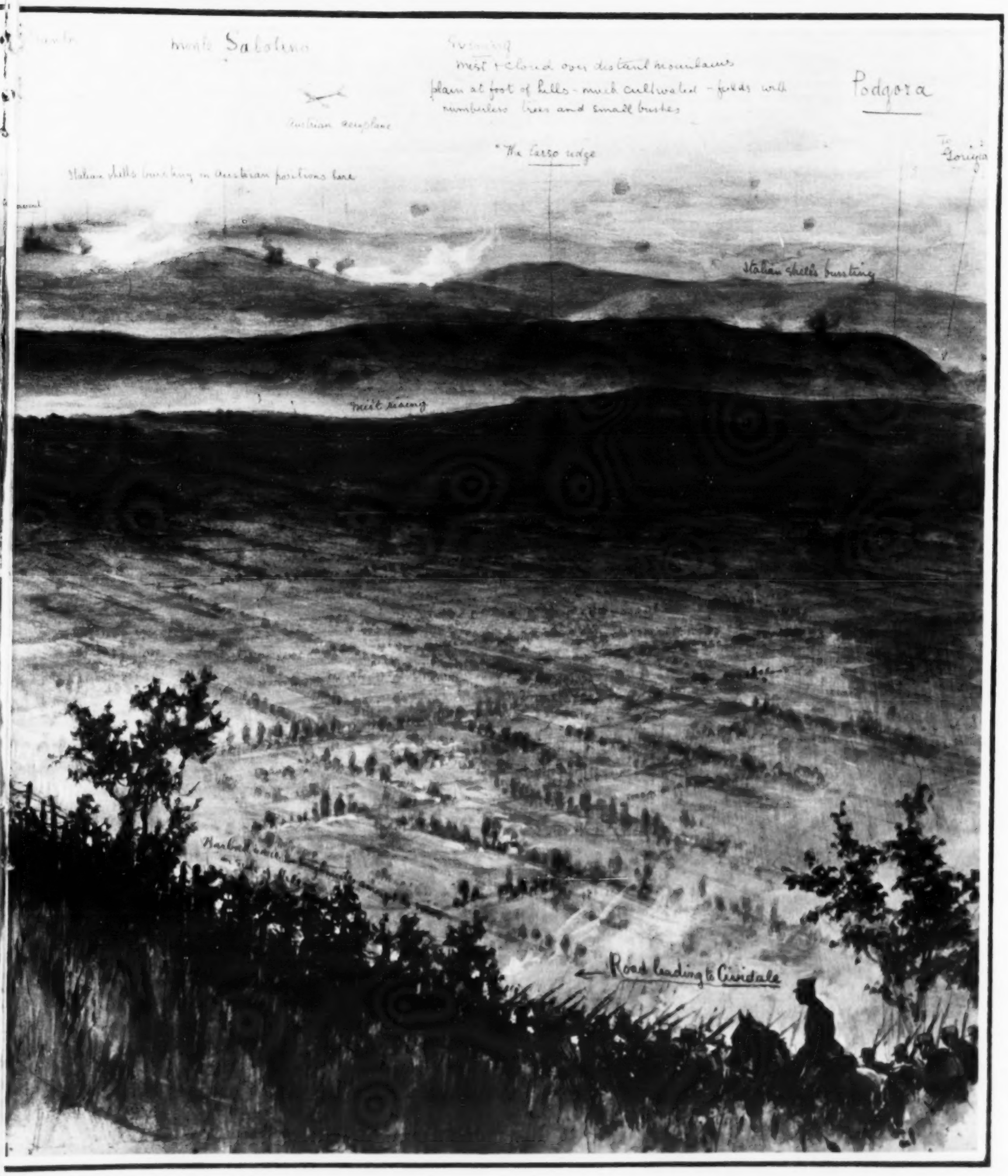
DRAWN BY JULIUS M. PRICE, OUR SPE

"ALWAYS THE FIRST AT THE FRONT OF DANGER AND IN SETTING AN EXAMPLE"

In the Austro-Italian campaign, Gorizia has for some time been the centre of interest. An Italian *communiqué* of November 28 stated that "on the heights to the north-west of Gorizia our attacks continue with increasing success," while an Austrian official report mentioned that the town was much damaged. With regard to the above drawing, the artist writes: "The far side of Podgora falls down sharply towards the Isonzo, which runs here in a narrow channel between high banks. Throughout its course from the Plezzo Valley to Gorizia the current is exceedingly swift, and the river offers a formidable obstacle to the Italian offensive. The two hills, Monte Sabotino and Monte Santo, which are both held by the Austrians, look like one from a distance of four or five miles, but the Isonzo flows through a deep gorge between them. These two positions are giving a good deal of trouble to the attacking forces. When the Italian infantry, after a magnificent advance, succeeded in driving the Austrians from Podgora and actually occupying the crest of the hill,

GORIZIA: THE KING OF ITALY ON THE ISONZO FRONT.

WAR ARTIST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.



ITALY'S ROYAL COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WHO RECENTLY RECEIVED LORD KITCHENER.

they found themselves under a terrific artillery fire from north and south alike, and were forced to retire a little way below the summit to the trenches which they now hold. Podgora used to be thickly wooded, but the hill-top has been swept almost bare by artillery fire, and only a few shattered tree-trunks now remain standing." The King of Italy, who, it will be recalled, recently received Lord Kitchener at the front, continues to inspire his gallant troops with his presence. In the drawing he is the second figure from the right. On the occasion of his birthday on November 11, General Cadorna, his Chief of Staff, said, in a special Order of the Day: "For five months . . . his Majesty has always been the first at the front of danger and in setting an example. He lives the life of the Army. . . . Inspired by him with a greater faith . . . the Italian Army reiterates its unchangeable sentiment of deep devotion to its august chief."—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE: THE S

Here is a picture which will certainly rank among the best-known paintings of war. It illustrates an episode of the fighting in Champagne. General Marchand, grievous wounded, is seen being carried to the rear on a stretcher borne by an officer and three stretcher-bearers. At the moment depicted, wounded soldiers are salutin the General; so are Spahis, whose officer, having given the salute with his sword, is being shaken by the hand by the wounded leader. Not only did the occasio mark the respect shown by the French soldiers to their commanders and their sympathy for the heroic wounded, but it was exceptionally interesting from our ow point of view, for it will be recalled that it was General Marchand who was the hero of that famous flag-raising incident at Fashoda which, in 1898, caused distinct

FROM THE PICTURE BY GEORGES SCOTT.

SALUTE TO THE WOUNDED GENERAL.

ously luting asion own inctly

strained relations between Great Britain and France. Now, with the British and the French the greatest of friends and Allies, everyone is rejoiced to hear that the General has made such excellent progress that he has been able to leave Paris to complete his convalescence at his villa at Saint Raphael. So fit does he feel that he has already notified the Grand Headquarters that he is ready to return to his command. The recovery is all the more gratifying in that the first report said gravely: "The doctors are not without hope of saving his life." Wounded very badly as he was, he refused heroically to be carried off the battlefield until the end of the action, giving a splendid example to all.

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HISTORIC GROUND: BY THE YSER CANAL: AND IN THE TRENCHES.

"WHERE BRITISH AND FRENCH HAVE FOUGHT MANY A THERMOPYLÆ": THE YSER CANAL BANK (A SECTION BETWEEN BOESINGHE AND LIZERNE)

THE FIGHT AGAINST MUD! FRENCH SOLDIERS LAYING DOWN A SOLID PAVEMENT OF STONES IN THEIR TRENCHES AND COMMUNICATION-TRENCHES.

In the upper illustration, to the left, beyond the line of trees, is the Yperlée brook; also on the left are soldiers' graves; on the right are the shelters of Zouaves; beyond the larger trees on the right is the Yser Canal, "where," in the words of Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war-correspondent, in "My Year of the War," "British and French have fought many a Thermopylae in the last eight months. Along its banks," he describes, "run rows of pine trees, narrowing in perspective before the eye. Some have been cut in two by the direct hit of a heavy shell, and others splintered down, bit by bit. Others still standing have been hit many times. . . . The earth is many-mouthed with caves and cut with passages running from cave to cave so that the inhabitants may come and go hidden from sight. Jawbone and Hairyman and Low-brow of the Stone Age would be at home there. . . ." The lower illustration shows French soldiers paving their trenches with stones in preparation for the winter.

FROM THE ENEMY'S SIDE: PICTURES FROM THE EAST AND THE WEST.

PASSING COMRADES SLEEPING BY THE ROADSIDE AND AT EASE: A GERMAN COLUMN ON THE MARCH THROUGH A VILLAGE IN SOUTHERN POLAND.

AFTER THEY HAD EXPLODED A MINE UNDER A FRENCH TRENCH: GERMANS "SAND-BAGGING" THE CRATER FORMED, AND MAKING ONE OF THEIR SPECIALLY DEEP UNDERGROUND SHELTERS.

These two photographs come to us through a neutral country, and are interesting not only in themselves, but as being typical of many the enemy have had taken for publication throughout the world at large. Needless to say, they take very good care that all photographs which come out of Germany show successful Germany, not that Germany which, without undue optimism, we may say is showing distinct signs of stress, and is losing not only the flower of her manhood, but many thousands who would not in the ordinary way be classed among first-line fighting-men. That Germany is feeling the pinch there can be no question.

HOW PIPER LAIDLAW WON THE VICTORIA CROSS AT LOOS:

Drawn by S. Begg from Material Supplied by

PLAYING "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST" OUTSIDE THE BRITISH TRENCHES UNDER HEARTENS HIS COMRADES WITH THE SKIRL OF THE

Piper Daniel Laidlaw, of the 7th Battalion, King's Own Scottish Borderers, has added one more glorious page to the annals of the Scottish bag-pipes—annals which include the story of "The Pipes at Lucknow," as told in Whittier's poem, and the heroism of Piper Findlater, of the Gordon Highlanders, at Dargai. The latter, it may be recalled, continued piping after he was wounded in the storming of the Dargai Heights on October 20, 1897, during the Tirah Campaign. Piper Laidlaw will henceforth stand beside Piper Findlater among the heroes of the bag-pipes, and for a very similar exploit. In the words of the official account, the V.C. was awarded to Piper Daniel Laidlaw "for most conspicuous bravery prior to an assault on German trenches near Loos and Hill 70 on September 25, 1915. During the worst of the bombardment, when the attack was about to commence, Piper Laidlaw, seeing that his company

EMULATING THE HEROISM OF PIPER FINDLATER AT DARGAI.

PIPER LAIDLAW, WHO PASSED THE SKETCH AS CORRECT.

GERMAN FIRE: PIPER DANIEL LAIDLAW, OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS, PIPES, IN "ABSOLUTE DISREGARD OF DANGER."

was somewhat shaken from the effects of gas, with absolute coolness and disregard of danger, mounted the parapet, marched up and down (*i.e.*, outside), and played his company out of the trench. The effect of his splendid example was immediate, and the company dashed out to the assault. Piper Laidlaw continued playing his pipes till he was wounded." A fragment of wire was blown through his foot as he was approaching the German trenches, but he still went on piping. He is seen marching up and down outside the British trench, playing "The Flowers of the Forest," while Lieut. Young, the next man out of the trench, is climbing over the parapet. The men are wearing their gas-masks. In the background is the "Tower Bridge" of Loos. Piper Laidlaw is the first man of the Scottish Borderers to win the V.C. in the present war.—[*Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.*]

"THERE HAS BEEN GRENADE FIGHTING": MAKING

A CLOSE-QUARTERS TRENCH-FIGHT IN FRANCE: THE BURSTING OF GRENADES HURLED BY THE FRENCH AGAINST THE ENEMY.

THROWN FROM A TRENCH PROTECTED BY WIRE ENTANGLE HOLES FOR RIFLES: THE BURSTING OF A GRENADE

IT was said in a recent French *communiqué*: "In Artois, in the sectors of Neuville and Bretencourt, there has been grenade-fighting, accompanied by some artillery activity." That sort of news has become quite usual, though few, perhaps, appreciate altogether what it means. The trench-warfare which has been, if not altogether an unexpected feature of the Great War, at least one that has called for measures not previously calculated upon, has brought into being a type of contest more akin to those of olden times than anyone would have deemed possible. So it has come about that the hand-grenade, and the bombs launched from trench-mortars, by means of cross-bows, or by catapults, have become familiar and very effective. All sides are using them, and using them so frequently that men are specially trained for this type of warfare. Only a short time ago, for instance, it was reported from the British Head-quarters that the importance of bombing work had been so fully recognised that grenade schools had been established, that the soldier might be instructed in the handling of bombs by comrades with practical experience in the trenches. The pupils of these schools, on returning to their units in due course, pass their information on, with such excellent results that a number of the men, at a recent competition, contrived to pitch their bombs from a considerable distance right into the

EVERY MAN AT HIS POST, READY FOR AN EXPECTED ATTACK: FRENCH IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH IN FRANCE—GRENADES BURSTING.

USING CROSS-BOWS FOR LAUNCHING GRENADES: IN A FRENCH SHIELDS; AND BARBED-

(*continued.*)

the Army as to bayonet." As our photographs deal with the use of grenades by the French, it may be well to recall a picture published in "The Illustrated London News" the other day. It was then described how various ingenious arrangements were in being at one of our Ally's schools of bomb-throwing near the firing-line. The pupil about to make a practice-throw takes up his position in a rectangular trench which is in advance of the main trench, communicates with that trench by a passage-way, and is surrounded by parapets. Should the

"TO BOMB" AS FAMILIAR AS "TO BAYONET."

MENTS AND HAVING A SAND-BAG PARAPET WITH LOOP-
HURLED FROM A FRENCH FIRST-LINE TRENCH.

WHEN THE ENEMY WERE REPLYING: THE SCENE DURING A GRENADE FIGHT BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE GERMANS IN FRANCE.

3

centre of the target. Bomb-throwing, further, is a part of the work taught to selected men now in training for the front. In his peculiarly interesting book, "My Year of the War," Mr. Frederick Palmer describes a British bombing school on a French farm, saying: "The war has steadily developed specialism. M.B. degrees for Master Bombers are not beyond the range of possibilities.

4

Present was the chief instructor, a Scottish subaltern. . . . He might have been twenty years old, though he did not look it. On his breast was the purple-and-white ribbon of the new order of the Military Cross, which you get for doing something in this war which would have won you a Victoria Cross in one of the other wars. Also present was the assistant-instructor, a sergeant of Regulars—and very much of a Regular—who had three ribbons which he had won in previous campaigns. . . . The audience carried out instructions to the letter, as Army regulations require. It got behind the protection of one of the practice-trench traverses. He threw the discard behind another wall of earth. There was a sharp report, a burst of smoke, and some fragments of earth were tossed into the air. In a small affair of 200 yards of trench a week before, it was estimated that the British and the Germans together threw about 5000 bombs in this fashion. . . . To bomb soon became as common a verb with

(Continued below.

TRENCH—SHOWING AN OFFICER USING A HYPOSCOPE; METAL WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS.

DURING ACTION BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND THE GERMANS IN FRANCE: THE BURSTING OF A GERMAN "105" SHELL NEAR THE FRENCH TRENCHES.

grenade slip out of the novice's hands after it has been primed, he has time to escape (before the explosion) through the passage-way at the back. This passage, it may be added, runs round on either side of the shelter behind which the instructing officers take their stand and watch through trench-periscopes the result of the throwing of the bombs. When an infantry attack is made upon the enemy's trenches, it has become customary for bombers to lead the way for the bayonets.

IN REGAINED FRANCE: "PÈRE JOFFRE," THE GENERALISSIMO, IN ALSACE.

IN THE SNOW-CLAD COL DU BONHOMME: GENERAL JOFFRE ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL DUBAIL.

SEEN BY "PÈRE JOFFRE": THE ELABORATE HUT-SHELTER OF SOME OF THE FAMOUS "BLUE DEVILS."

TALKING TO THE COMMANDER OF THE "BLUE DEVILS," THE CHASSEURS ALPINS: GENERAL JOFFRE.

INSPECTING A BATTALION OF CHASSEURS ALPINS OCCUPYING A PASS IN THE VOSGES: GENERAL JOFFRE AT A REVIEW.

If it were possible, British interest in "Père Joffre" has increased since that great French Generalissimo came to London a short time ago. Nothing could exceed the General's energy, whether it be in planning battles or inspecting and decorating his gallant troops. Always he is at work, and always he is the dominating personality. In our photographs, he is shown on one of his latest visits of inspection in Alsace, on ground that may well be called regained France. He has visited the district on several occasions; on each of which, of course, he has been made extremely welcome by the inhabitants, who are heartily glad to be again under French rule.

BUCHANAN'S "BLACK & WHITE" SCOTCH WHISKY

LITERATURE.

The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood.

The epithet in the title of "The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter" (Macmillan) suggests a slight memoir restricted to *personalia*—details domestic and familiar of a great man's private affairs, and not enlarging upon the public history of his time. In reality, however, the present work, while it contains such personalities, is of far wider scope. Few biographies, indeed, have explained more fully the public career of their subject, or have more carefully placed him in his due setting in relation to the art, science, economics, politics, and religion of his day. We see the great Staffordshire potter not only as son, husband, and father, but as a figure in the general picture of the eighteenth century. The volume is a composite one. The bulk of the work was written, at the end of a long life, by Josiah's great-grand-daughter, the late Miss Julia Wedgwood, author of "The Moral Ideal," who died two years ago at the age of eighty. It has been revised and edited, with an introduction and a prefatory memoir of the author, by Professor C. H. Herford, who holds the Chair of English Literature in the University of Manchester. His work has been a labour of love, and he has performed it excellently, with well-informed judgment and the utmost thoroughness. Miss Wedgwood's interests were chiefly religious and philosophical, and the memoir tells of her associations with Charles Darwin, who married her aunt, and whose mother was Josiah Wedgwood's eldest daughter. As regards the great potter's own career, perhaps the most interesting episode at the present time, when all things Russian are regarded with new sympathy, is the story of the great dinner-service which he made for the Empress Catherine. "A collection of nearly 1300 views of English scenery," says Professor Herford, "made at the direction of the greatest Queen of her age, deserves an examination in some detail." (And he gives it.) "The order . . . was an expression of individual taste. Catherine . . . wanted an English work that should instruct her about England." Next comes the story of Wedgwood's replicas of the famous Portland (or Barberini) Vase. Other interesting phases of Wedgwood's career are his sympathy with America in the American War, his support of the anti-slave-trade cause, and his efforts in canal-construction. For the rest, the book gives a full account of his character, career, and friendships, with many extracts from his letters. It is well illustrated by portraits, views of his various homes and factories, and specimens of his pottery.

A RUSSIAN FIELD-GUN SPECIALLY MOUNTED FOR USE AGAINST AIRCRAFT: AN INGENIOUS ADAPTATION FOR KEEPING "ON" AN ENEMY.

As the photograph shows, the gun has been placed on a special mounting on a circular platform, so that it can be turned towards any point of the compass, and rapidly follow the movements of aircraft throughout. [*Photograph by Korsakoff.*]

"The Art of Ballet."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Mark Perugini's interesting study, "The Art of Ballet" (Martin Secker), was not published eighteen months ago, when the Russians were still with us at Drury Lane and the relative merits of a Karsavina, a Kyasht, and a Pavlova seemed to be very proper matters for discussion. We have grown so preoccupied since then; we have so little leisure for reading of past vanities, even though we know that they will absorb us again in due season. So it may happen that Mr. Perugini's book, which was ready for publication a year ago, may still be considerably before its time, and appeal in vain for due support. In this case one hopes that Mr. Secker will give the work a fresh measure of publicity in happier times, for it should not fall still-born from the binders. It is a really reliable compilation, the work of a man who believes with the late Algernon Charles Swinburne that the only justification for the critic's trade is the noble pleasure of praising. Mr. Perugini, when in doubt, praises. He sees good in every form of dancing; even the most eccentric and, to some, objectionable performers reveal to him what is best in their effort. In short, he is an enthusiast who is able to trace the story of dancing from Bathyllus to Nijinsky; while if he is not always ready to mingle discrimination with his praise, or to revise a list of rather overworked adjectives, he can claim to have written the best book on ballet that has yet been offered to the Londoner, for it has taken special note of the matters that appeal most strongly to dwellers in the metropolis. His chapters on the Alhambra and Empire, for example, are not only interesting epitomes in themselves, but they are surprisingly accurate. His particular aim has been "to present some leading phases of the history of the modern Art of Ballet as seen more particularly in France and England"; but he has contrived in little more than one hundred pages to pass much of the earlier history of dancing in review and reach the period in which his special interest lies with the knowledge that he has prepared the ground for his readers. When he talks about a National Opera House with a Royal Academy of Dancing attached, the reader is reminded that the book was prepared in the piping times of peace, and that when war is over there will be nobody to pay the piper. The illustrations are admirably chosen, and include some of the Julienne engravings from Watteau in the British Museum.

TYPES OF AN ARMY "THIRSTING FOR THE ENEMY'S BLOOD": A CORNER OF WELL-CONSTRUCTED RUSSIAN TRENCHES.

The Russian troops are eager for their revenge. After a visit to them, a correspondent wrote recently: "The temper of the men was such that young and old were thirsting for the enemy's blood."—[*Photograph by Korsakoff.*]

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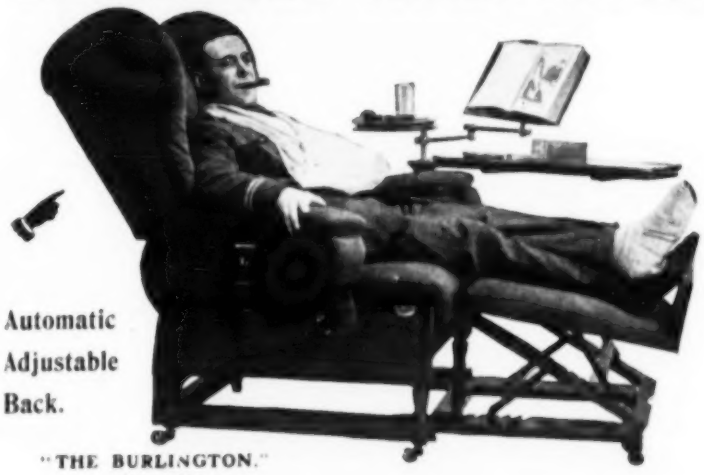

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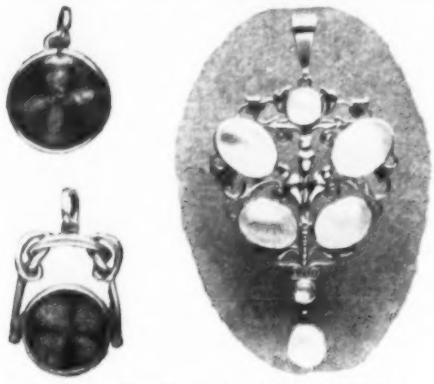
Christmas in the Shops.

CHRISTMAS without "Yule-Tide Gifts" is unthinkable, and the famous house of Liberty and Co., Ltd., Regent Street, is sending out its customary catalogue of charming and useful gifts, and is making a special feature of "old-world war-charms." Those illustrated are of gold; the circular one costs 10s. 6d., and the more elaborate one, 42s. They are set with chastolite stones, which of old were venerated, as they bear markings of the Cross. Of jewels with the *cachet* of Liberty there is a big selection, the gold and moonstone pendant illustrated costing 42s. But a copy of "Yule-Tide Gifts" should be written for, as it will supply



Old World War Charms and a Pretty Pendant.
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Always in touch with the times, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 139-141, Regent Street, W., in addition to their stock of jewellery, plate, etc., are offering dainty naval

"A.S.C.," Naval Badge, and "Royal Flying Corps" Brooches.
Wilson and Gill.

and military badge-brooches in gold and enamel at moderate prices. The A.S.C., illustrated, costs £3 17s. 6d.; the Naval badge, £4 10s.; and the Royal Flying Corps, £2 10s. The badge of every regiment is kept. There is a new gold identification-disc, forming locket, at 75s., which includes engraving of name, regiment, etc., and a gold neck-chain. Treasury Note cases in black moiré, pigskin, etc., cost from 5s. each. Messrs. Wilson and Gill will send an illustrated catalogue on application.

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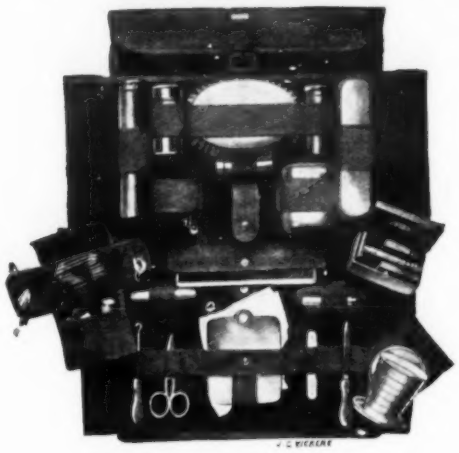

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toilet and travelling equipments are none the less practical; witness the new khaki roll-up case, which is compact, complete, and comfort-ensuring. But Mr. J. C. Vickery's stock offers a choice of hundreds of novelties, including silver and crystal glass paper-weights with carved silver silhouettes of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, silver cigarette-cases and rings of special design, regimental-badge brooches beautifully modelled and enamelled, military brooches and watch-fobs with gold or silver mounts and the ribbon of any regiment; wrist-watches with protectors for use on service, charming wrist-watches for ladies; and many other useful novelties. For ladies, especially workers for the war, there are scores of roomy but pretty hand-bags in silk or other materials.

(Continued overleaf.)

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FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C., and 188, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Write for the Company's Xmas Catalogue, now ready, post free.

Entirely **BRITISH**
Established **1788**

REPUTATION

The reputation of **CARRERAS** is identical to that of the Veteran who has served his Country well and earned the reward of honest endeavour and sterling worth.

When **CARRERAS** say that no one should pay more than **6d.** for any **10** high-class Virginia Cigarettes, they say it because they, as Tobacco Experts and large Manufacturers, KNOW that it is impossible to obtain a finer quality Cigarette than CRAVEN "A" at **10** for **6d.**, no matter what price is paid, and that this price allows ample profit to any manufacturer.

Your smoker friend will immediately recognise your **sound judgment** and kindly forethought if you send him this **XMAS** a 25, 50 or 100-tin of CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES, or, if he prefers a pipe, a tin of the celebrated CRAVEN "A" TOBACCO.

CRAVEN "A"

CIGARETTES

10 for **6d.** **50** for **2/3**
25 „ **1/2** **100** „ **4/6**

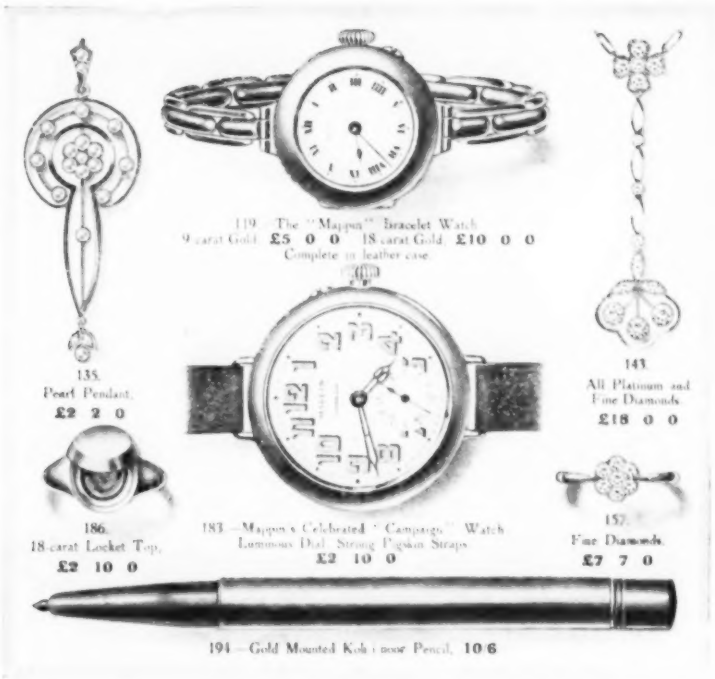
If you find CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes do not suit you after you have smoked one—return the box to us and we will refund your money. We cannot make a fairer offer.

CRAVEN "A" Mixture — ¾ ounce packet **6d.** — 1 ounce packet **8d.**

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS.



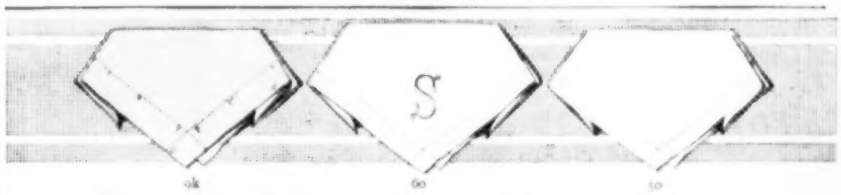
ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS LIST POST FREE.

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

158-162, Oxford St.; 2, Queen Victoria St.; 172, Regent St., LONDON.

Manufactory: THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



Send him handkerchiefs

this Christmas. They are always acceptable, and often overlooked by senders. We have some good Khaki and a splendid range of White Handkerchiefs to choose from—all at manufacturers' prices. A selection is given below.

No. 9/6 (or 10/6). **Gentlemen's Superfine Mull Khaki Handkerchiefs**, measuring about 19 by 19 inches. The finest Khaki Handkerchiefs made. Per dozen, **8/7**

No. 6/6 (or 7/6). **Gentlemen's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs**, hand-embroidered initial, measuring about 19 by 19 inches, with 3/4 in. hem. Per dozen, **9/6**

No. 5/6 (or 6/6). **Gentlemen's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs**, measuring about 19 by 19 inches, with 3/4 in. hem. Per dozen, **8/11**

We have a considerable range of **Khaki Handkerchiefs** ranging from **1/11½** per dozen, and upwards.

Send for Our Latest List, in which is included a large variety of Ladies Handkerchiefs at all prices.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.

40D Donegall Place
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY CREST & BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. Gold and Enamel, all **£2 2 0** each

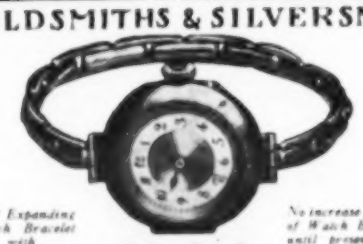
The Royal Navy. (Gold or Silver Anchor)

Any Regiment supplied at the same price.

The Royal Army Medical Corps.

The Border Regiment.

Badge-Brooch Catalogue post free on request.



Gold Expanding Watch Bracelet with lever movement. **£5 5 0**

No increase in price of Watch Bracelets until present stock is exhausted.

MILITARY CREST & BADGE BROOCHES

All these brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

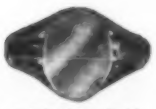
One price only. **£2 2 0** each. *The best value obtainable.*

The Sherwood Foresters.

The Somersetshire Light Infantry.

Money returned in full if not approved.

The Royal Engineers.



Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring **£3 5 0**

The Fashionable "FETTER" Bracelet, 9-ct. Gold, **£3 3 0**; 15-ct. Gold, **£5 10 0**; 18-ct. Gold, **£7 15 0**

Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring **£1 18 6**

ALL ARTICLES ARE ACTUAL SIZE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JEWELLERY CATALOGUE POST FREE ON REQUEST

Christmas in the Shops—Continued.

Not only at Christmas, but all the year round, those who are not faddists know that a little stimulant is often desirable to keep one in health, and, so long as moderation and purity are studied, physicians admit that a little whisky is wholesome and beneficial. But it must fulfil these conditions, and the one which depends upon the distiller can be assured by choosing Messrs. Buchanan's Scotch whiskies, which are matured and carefully blended. Their famous "Black and White" and "Red Seal" brands contain all the elements to ensure good health, and a case forms a very seasonable gift.

"Carter's" and "comfort" have become almost identical terms, for the skill of the well-known house of surgical engineers at 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, W., in producing apparatus for the increased ease and comfort of invalids, cripples, and those who are not strong is amazing. In these days of war their inventions are peculiarly valuable, and much in request for presents. Their catalogue, which will be sent on application, is a revelation. Their productions are not wholly for the wounded or the invalid. Their "Rest and Comfort" chairs are made to conform to any position the tired body may desire. These chairs are supplied from 37s. 6d. each. Reading-stands and bed-tables make admirable presents, notably the "Carbrek" bed-table at 27s. 6d.; and the self-propelling chair which we illustrate is a perfect piece of mechanism for use in or out of doors.

A Light and Easy Self-Propelling Chair for In or Out of Doors.
Carters, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, W.

War or no war, Pears' twenty-fifth Annual maintains its high reputation for bringing bright literature and charming pictures within everybody's reach. The present number gives capital stories by eminent writers, while on the art side its attractions are immense. There are six presentation plates, the largest being a superb mezzogravure, "The Beauty of the Glade," by A. Dampier May. There are beautiful reproductions in colour of paintings by J. Shaw Crompton, Arthur J. Elsley, R.I., and R. Anderson, and a pair of coloured Bartolozzi prints after Wheatley. The tales by Max Pemberton, J. Cutcliffe Hyne, Barry Pain, W. L. George, and J. J. Bell, all of which are fully illustrated, are up to the high reputation which this Annual has enjoyed during its twenty-five years' existence.

The Ever-Popular "Pears' Annual" for 1915.

A Free Harlene Hair-Drill Outfit.
Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

A woman's hair is "a crown of glory," and it would be strange if any woman, or man either, were to-day in ignorance of the secret of keeping the hair beautiful. The inventor-discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" has spared no pains to teach people how they may grow hair practically at will, and to-day he is offering his Harlene Hair-Drill outfit to all who will accept it. Just lately, Mr. Edwards has added to the value of this method, so that to-day, simply by sending the cost of postage, you may secure a bottle of Harlene, a packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder, a bottle of Uzon Brilliantine for the final dressing of the hair, and the secret "Harlene Hair-Drill Manual." To secure this complete outfit, it is only necessary to send your name and address, and 4d. in stamps to cover the cost of return postage, to Edwards Harlene Company, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

Eighteen months of war have served to show what is, perhaps, the most welcome of all presents to men at the front or on the sea, whether officers or men, and that is tobacco. In times of peace there is an endless variety of articles suitable as gifts for men; but to-day there is no doubt that the majority of those serving their country would prefer what is the best and most acceptable gift for any man at any time—a box of really good cigarettes. With this in view, it would be well to buy some "De Reszke" cigarettes for men friends—"De Reszkes," because they are acknowledged to be a superlatively excellent brand. A hundred "De Reszkes" mean a hundred thoughts of you, and the giving of a hundred pleasant times to the brave fellows who are fighting for their country—and for you.

A Self-Propelling Chair for an Invalid.
Carters, 2, 4, and 6, New Cavendish Street, W.

This is before all else a Christmas season of serviceable presents, and it would be hard to find a more serviceable gift than distinctive, well-cut, well-made footgear, such as the boots and shoes sold by the well-known house of Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, Ltd. Their registered brand of the "Burlington" include many types, gentlemen's boots of that brand costing 18s. 6d. and shoes 14s. 9d.; while ladies' "Burlington" boots are 14s. 9d., and the shoes 12s. 9d. The company have nearly five hundred branches; or a booklet can be obtained from Messrs. Freeman, Hardy, and Willis, Dept. P., Rutland St., Leicester.

[*Continued overleaf.*

THE "BRITANNIC"

PATENT EXPANDING WATCH BRACELET.

The Queen of Watch Bracelets.

Has made an unrivalled reputation and is acknowledged to be the best of all.

Safe, Comfortable, Durable, Best London Make.

Stocked by all Good Class Jewellers Everywhere.

MANY DESIGNS. ALL WIDTHS. PRICES from £4 : 15 : 0

Its durability has been tested by opening and closing (by machine) 100,000 times. It remained perfect. Its extreme flexibility makes it the most comfortable bracelet in wear.

Before purchasing a Watch Bracelet try on a "BRITANNIC." They are the most durable, will give the greatest lasting satisfaction, and are the best value. The Bracelet is fully guaranteed for five years. In 9-ct., 15-ct., and 18-ct., with Watches of various grades, Plain and Gem Set; also in Platinum, and in Platinum and Gold. There are various designs in the best taste. All widths from ¼th inch.

The most successful Watch Bracelet ever invented.

See that the name "Britannic" and Patent No. 24796/06 are engraved inside the Bracelet.

THE Mason Pearson Brush is made of the best black wild boar bristles, scientifically set in clusters in a pneumatic rubber pad, and will pass through your hair just as a comb does. You feel the bristles getting down to the scalp and thoroughly cleansing your hair of all dust. Experience proves that the Mason Pearson does its work more pleasantly and effectively than any type of brush yet devised, and by stimulating the skin action improves the condition and appearance of the hair. The Mason Pearson Brush is made in two grades and sold by most high-class chemists, stores, and hairdressers. "Standard," price 7/6, extra thick bristles, price 10/6.

The Brush that really Brushes

MASON PEARSON
London England

Mason Pearson Selling Agency, Ltd., 61 New Oxford Street, London, WC

Pleasant Reflections

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually.

Start to-day the regular night and morning use of Calox.

CALOX *The Oxygen Tooth Powder*

A Dainty Sample Box of Calox sent Free for a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/3, in non-wasting metal boxes.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Try a

COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

Prescribed by the British Medical Profession for 35 years.

If foods were placed in order of merit—you would place Benger's Food first,

because it supplies life's requirements from infancy to advanced old age.

With a tin of Benger's, mothers are always prepared for family ailments—for anybody who is out-of sorts, unwell, over-worried, or seriously ill.

BENGER'S FOOD

differs entirely from other foods. You realise how distinct it is the moment you read the directions. While you make Benger's Food, *always using fresh new milk,* it undergoes the first stages of digestion, and by the time you serve it, both the milk and the Food are soluble—ready for bodily nutrition.

Benger's Food is delicious, with a delicate biscuit flavour. It is enjoyed when other foods disagree.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Please apply for a copy, post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 90, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA.

KNITTED COATS FOR XMAS GIFTS ALL ONE GUINEA EACH

In sympathy with the wave of economy that is spreading over the Country, many ladies will doubtless prefer to give Christmas Presents of a practical and useful character. With this object in view we have decided to offer about 2500 Knitted Coats in real Silk and pure Cashmere, in various designs, all of which are quite fresh and perfect in every way, and are suitable for general country wear, for house coats, for wearing under motor coats, and for Nurses on Foreign Service.

PURE CASHMERE KNITTED COAT (*as sketch*), with check collar and cuffs. In black, violet, canary, amethyst, tabac, navy, emerald, gold, bright saxe, saxe, salmon, biscuit, copper, wine and flame. No white.

Usual price **45/6**

SPECIAL PRICE **21/-**

Plain Real Cashmere Coats, similar in shape, without collar **21/-**

Plain Real Silk Coats, similar shape, with or without collars **21/-**

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Covendish Square) London W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value

YULE TIDE GIFTS.

The "UNIVERSAL" Coffee Machine

Makes excellent coffee, free from the unwholesome properties caused by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

Makes a distinctive and useful gift, acceptable in every home.

Made in 1, 2, 3, and 4 pint sizes.

The "UNIVERSAL" Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber, which practically eliminates breakage.

SAFE, SANITARY, DURABLE. Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent Gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

Made in ½-pint, 1-pint, and 2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Specialties are on Sale at all first-class Ironmongers and Department Stores.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS.

LANDERS, FRARY, & CLARK
(ROOM G), 31, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, LONDON, E.C.

BEWARE OF UMBRELLAS MADE ON GERMAN FRAMES.

WHEN YOU BUY

AN UMBRELLA

INSIST ON HAVING A

FOX'S FRAME

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE.

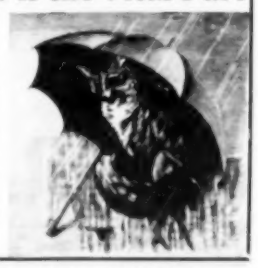
Look for these Marks

S. FOX & Co LIMITED PARAGON

on the Frame.

The Frame is the Vital Part

PURCHASE *BRITISH* GOODS AND REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES



BURBERRYS

Every Genuine Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Label.

The Short Burberry.
A lightweight and distinguished little weather-proof topcoat, giving faultless ease and protection.

COATS & GOWNS CLEANED by Burberrys are returned practically as good as new. Price List on application.

WEATHERPROOF DRESS

BURBERRY adds considerably to every outdoor pleasure in fine weather and reduces risk of chill from exposure to rain, wind or cold.

BURBERRY is distinguished by perfect taste and expert design, and is unrivalled not only for weather-resistance, but for the fascinating variety of artistic patterns and colourings of its materials.

FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY, sport or travel, there is nothing comparable with Burberry for ensuring comfortable enjoyment, delightful ease, and healthful protection.

Write for list of BURBERRY Comforts for Officers. Worth their weight in gold as Xmas Presents.

Patterns, Prices, and Illustrated Book of Latest Models sent post free on request.

Burberry Gown.
A simple and graceful example of Burberry efficiency and originality.

BURBERRYS
Haymarket LONDON
8 & 10, Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS.
Basingstoke; and Provincial Agents.

A War Hint

IF, at this time of day, the health-virtue of pure wool for next-the-skin wear needed further demonstration, the health of our fighting forces has certainly provided it.

Every man wears underwear of pure wool, and through all weathers, through action and inaction, the general health has been remarkable.

The claims of Wolsey Underwear are many, but its *pure wool* texture has ever been the first; add to this an enduring service, comfort in wear, a guarantee against shrinkage, and its thorough British manufacture, and the record popularity of Wolsey is scarcely surprising.

Wolsey
Pure Wool Underwear

In sizes for men, women, and children. Any garment that shrinks replaced. Sold everywhere.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH.

have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.

Also put up in Powder form.

Absolutely BRITISH. Why not give it a trial?

RESEARCHES,
English and Foreign, by
LEO CULLETON
Member of English and Continental Research Societies.
Historical, Genealogical, Heraldic, Literary, Topographical and other Researches.
CORRESPONDENCE IN ALL LANGUAGES.
92, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Christmas in the Shops. Continued.

It was that ardent explorer of London, George Augustus Sala, who declared that when he sat down to write about Regent Street he always felt that he ought to wear a Court suit, use a gold-mounted pen and perfumed ink. And it is true that a certain stateliness still belongs to the thoroughfare which is one of the shopping streets *par excellence* of the West End. And those seeking Christmas presents will find a luxurious host of them, of all kinds and at all prices, at the show-rooms of Messrs. Charles Packer and Co., 76 and 78, Regent Street. This year they are wisely specialising in articles cognate to the war, for anything that is of use to our men at the front makes irresistible appeal just now; and at Messrs. Charles Packer's there is, for instance, a small, compact match-box case in silver, the lid of which, when open, forms a miniature wind-screen, behind which a light can be obtained under any conditions. This will prove a real boon in the trenches, and is in much demand. In solid silver its price is a guinea, and no more welcome present for soldier, sailor, or civilian could be desired. A luminous wrist-watch, too, is an indispensable part of field equipment, and Messrs. Packer offer some for £2 15s. complete, with luminous hands and figures. It is strong and serviceable, and a perfect time-keeper. Of military-badge brooches, which form ideal Christmas boxes for ladies, Messrs. Packer make a speciality, supplying the badge of any regiment set as a brooch and made in fine gold and enamels, correct in every detail, for two guineas each. A fully illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Packer's fine collection of jewellery and plate will be sent, post free.

The Royal Navy Badge and the R.A.M.C. Badge Brooches.
Messrs. Charles Packer and Co.

The powers of radium have yet to be fully exploited, but a proof of its value in everyday matters is afforded by the clever way in which it has been utilised by the century-old firm of watch and clock specialists, Messrs. Waite and Son, 340, High Street, Cheltenham. Among their latest adaptations of radium to horology is the "Firefly" clock, which is invaluable for a bedroom timepiece. It is a silent ticker, it shows the correct time by day or night by means of the special radiumised dial and hands, and, in a neat case, it costs from 21s. 6d. post free.

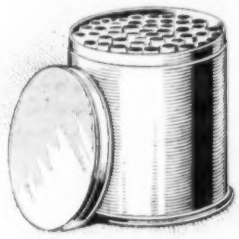
The mode of the moment suggests a certain uniformity which lends a *cachet* to the user of any particular scent. Messrs. Morny Frères, Ltd., the famous perfumers, of 201, Regent Street, W., are introducing a suite of dainty toilet preparations of the same exquisite odour as their new "Parfum Serenade." Sure of a welcome from every lady will be a Christmas gift of this latest odour, and the gift will be doubly welcome if accompanied by a bottle of the Bath Salts, or box of the Bath Salts Tablets, a case of the Complexion Powder (in the new colour, Rachel-foncé), and a keg of the Bath Dusting Powder, all made fragrant by the same enchanting scent. One of each of these will be sent, post free from 201, Regent Street, for 25s. 6d. the set.

A Set of Fragrant "Parfum Serenade" Toilet Luxuries.
Messrs. Morny Frères.

It might well be said of a lady, as it has of a gentleman, that she is "known by her hat, her gloves, and her boots," and to-day, with its vogue of short skirts, the boots are of special importance. We illustrate a smart and serviceable "Lotus" shoe, No. 95, which only costs 15s. 6d., and is well cut, comfortable, and durable, cut from fine glacé kid, refined and graceful in style, and singularly light and comfortable. It is, of course, one of many "Lotus" productions, made for all occasions in suitable styles. The "Lotus" Company, Ltd., has agents everywhere, or illustrated catalogues can be obtained by writing to "Lotus," Ltd., Stafford.

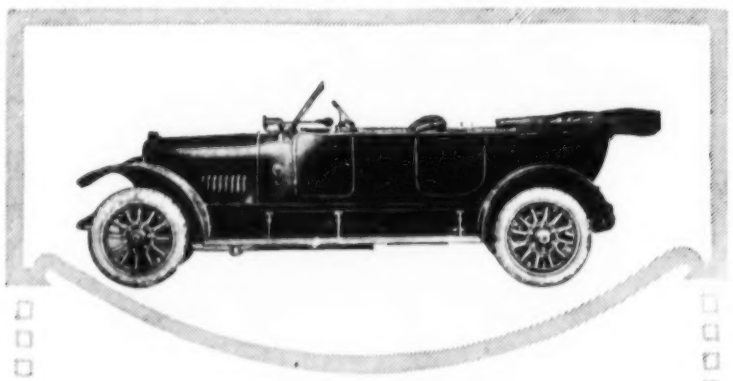
A Shapely "Lotus" Shoe.—Lotus Limited, Stafford.

The famous house of Elkington and Co., Ltd., are making an excellent show of Christmas gifts at 22, Regent Street, S.W. More than half a century has passed since Blanchard Jerrold praised Messrs. Elkington's science and skill, their exquisite rendering of beautiful ideas. Equal praise could be given to-day to the thousand-and-one articles of plate and jewellery among Messrs. Elkington's Christmas gifts. We illustrate a very practical present in these days of universal cigarette-smoking: a round silver cigarette-box to hold a tin of fifty cigarettes—a capital idea for officers at the front. Another sensible present for men in the trenches is a silver match-box to take safety matches, the striking portion being easily renewable. A large and lovely array of jewellery of every kind is to be seen, and a specially interesting present—a souvenir of the war—takes the form of a casket, suitable for various purposes, after an original design by Caton Woodville, full of vigorous action, illustrative of Kipling's memorable line: "Who stands if Freedom fall? Who dies if England live?" This beautiful and useful War Souvenir Casket costs only £1 5s. in electro-plate, lined with velvet or cedar, or £10 10s. in solid silver. On each casket sold, 3s. is to be divided between the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund and the British Red Cross Society, until the end of the war.



The New Silver Cigarette-Box.
Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd.

There are some seasonable presents which are universally acceptable, and although the time-honoured axiom, "sweets to the sweet," holds good, there are some "sweets" which are equally appreciated by ladies, children, and our soldiers and sailors. Of such is Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe, and the sugar, butter, and cream which are its ingredients give it a real warming, stimulating, and food value. Mackintosh's Toffee, nicely put up in tins and made by Mackintosh, of Toffee Town, Halifax, is a seasonable and welcome gift to young and old, and no doubt will be included in countless parcels sent to our brave defenders by land and sea.



Past, present and future

Past Sunbeam records were good; present Sunbeam service in the war area is even better; and, best of all, future models will represent a standard of efficiency to which no other car will attain. Equally important is the fact that behind each Sunbeam car built after the war will be the unique record of unfailing service in the war area.

SUNBEAM

We are at present building seaplanes, aircraft motors, ambulances, and cars for war purposes—our entire works being under Government control.

DUNLOP TYRES ARE FITTED TO SUNBEAM CARS AS STANDARD

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., Wolverhampton.

Manchester: 112, Deansgate. Agents for London District: J. Keele & Co., 72, New Bond St., W.

Keep things bright
with
JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Use it to CLEAN, POLISH and FINISH your

FLOORS	PIANO	GOLF CLUBS
LINOLEUM	FURNITURE	GUN STOCKS
WOODWORK	LEATHER GOODS	MOTOR-CAR, &c.

It is unsurpassed for all of these purposes. It forms a thin, protecting film over the surface varnish—adding years to its life. Johnson's Prepared Wax is clean, easy to use and economical. It is conveniently put up—always ready for use—all you need is a cheese-cloth rag.

Keep Your Linoleum Like New.

Johnson's Prepared Wax has no equal for polishing linoleum. It brings out and preserves the pattern. It imparts a beautiful, durable finish, which any housewife can easily keep in good condition. One of its greatest advantages is its time-saving feature—an ordinary-size floor can be polished in less than an hour, and may be walked upon immediately.

Johnson's Prepared Wax never becomes sticky and tacky in the hottest climate. You will find it

Sanitary — Durable — Disinfecting.

Insist on your tradesman supplying you. He can easily secure Johnson's Prepared Wax and Johnson's Wood Dye from us. Or ***use the Coupon*** for a trial tin.

We shall be glad to send you gratis a copy of our beautiful new Colour Booklet, "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture." It is full of valuable ideas on home beautifying. No housewife should be without it.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON,
"The Wood-Finishing Authorities."
244, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sold by most good dealers.

COUPON

S. C. JOHNSON & SON.
I enclose 6d. for a trial tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax, sufficient for polishing several pieces of furniture, a small floor, a square of linoleum, or a motor-car. Please also send me your Colour Booklet, *free*.

Name .....
Address .....

NOTES ON PROPERTY LAW AND INVESTMENT.

By S. FORD, Barrister-at-Law.

Prospective Tenants or Purchasers of Real Estate, Houses, &c., would do well to consult the above. There are many useful hints to owners of property, forms of agreement for selling and letting.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Multi-Cylinder Cars. For some time past I have been earnestly reading in the American technical journals the papers on the respective merits of the eight and twelve cylinder engined motor-cars and the discussions upon them. They are a go-ahead lot, these American automobile engineers, and very highly technical has been the subject, which would be very dull reading for the average everyday motorist. Yet as, no doubt, British motorists will be asked to buy both eight and twelve cylinder machines in the near future, it would be well if they formed some idea of their respective mechanical value. In regard to the eight-cylinder motor, its supporters allege that it offers wider and more logical commercial possibilities on account of its greater structural economy, flexibility, and a higher degree of thermal efficiency, greater durability, and superior simplicity. It combines all these with a factor that means more from a competitive commercial standpoint than almost any other—namely, minimum maintenance cost. In proportion to the addition of cylinders is maintenance cost increased. The adherents of the twelve-cylinder claimed less vibration and less noise, as it was more continuous, but neither one side nor the other contradicted the statement that the four-cylinder engine had never been fully developed in America. Both sides admitted that the two best motors for thermal efficiency and all-round efficiency ever built were the four cylinder Sunbeam and Vauxhall engines, and this quite regardless of any consideration as to the number of cylinders.

British Best. If this is not the highest testimony that the British motor is the best engine in the world, "I 'm a Dutchman," as an Irish friend of mine once declared. It is a frank confession that the ordinary American four-cylinder is an uneconomical makeshift, built to sell to an unskilled mechanical public, and looked down upon by their own engineers. For that reason, unless our own British motor manufacturers produce either twelve or eight or both forms of motors for car use on the lines of their most efficient four-cylinder models, I do not think we in this country will be inclined to cultivate either the twelve or eight cylinder motor-car. If we do build them, it will be on account of the assumed greater flexibility of the multi-cylinder engine, so doing away with several speed-gear ratios, and having nothing but a low starting speed and a top, all intermediate ratios being provided by the flexibility of the engine itself.

Future Prospects. America so far has only shown the world how to manufacture in countless thousands a low-priced motor-car, her best engineering examples in this trade costing as much to make as our first-class articles. We in England therefore have to study economical production to compete with the cheaper form imported. We can always produce a very much better machine from the point of view of the engineer, and if it can be done at a price any way near to the U.S.A. minimum the British maker will get all the orders he can supply and sweep the "cheap" American car off the British market, as the cycle trade did many years ago when similarly placed.

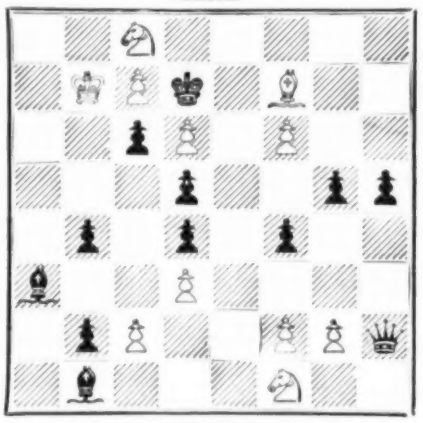
British Taste. Unfortunately, or fortunately, whichever way you view the present situation, the British car-maker has always been able to get sufficient orders for his better-class machines, and so has never troubled about the low-price market. The war has given the Americans an opportunity to educate the British motorist to put up with inefficient machines (from the engineer's ideas) on the "just as good" principle, which they are not. The fear is that the public will be so misled by its constant use of such inferior designs as to be satisfied with them, and it is on that point that the future of the British industry depends. W. W.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

PROBLEM No. 3720.—By G. Stillingfleet Johnson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 3717.—By Hereward.

WHITE	BLACK
1. P to B 4th	B P takes P
2. P to B 5th, and mates next move.	

If Black play 1. R P takes P, 2. K to R 6th, etc.

Y Kontuniemi (Raahe).—Further contribution to hand.

M F J Mann (Guernsey).—We hope to find it as acceptable as usual.

R Isvara Aiyar (Quilon).—We are very pleased to hear from you again, and hope to receive your solutions with the regularity and accuracy of previous years.

J Mattinson (Montreal).—We will oblige you under the exceptional circumstances. The solution is 1. Q to Kt 3rd.

F L Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.).—Your solution of No. 3714 is that of the author, but it can be prevented by Black playing 1. B to Q 2nd. Strange to say, only one of our solvers discovered this flaw.

J Paul Taylor (Mortonhampstead).—It is so long since we heard from you that we began to entertain the same fears about you that you had about us. We are very pleased to receive your contribution.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3713 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3715 from Isvara Aiyar, B.A. (Quilon): of No. 3716 from Y Kontuniemi (Raahe, Finland), A d'Aguiar (Lisbon), F Mansur (Quincy, Mass.), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), J M Mackenzie (Winnipeg), A V Markwell (Cavalla, Greece), W P Maxey (Vazoo City, U.S.A.), H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), and John Isaacson (Liverpool): of No. 3717 from J M Mackenzie (Launceston), C Willing, F G Harrison (Boston, U.S.A.), J R Jameson (Ferryhill), J B Camara (Madeira), C Field (Athol, Mass.), A Cortina (Trubia, Spain), C P Francis, A E Dutton (Cheltenham), C Barretto (Madrid), Edith Vicars (Wood Dalling), H P Cole, C A P, and Jacob Verrall (Rodmell): of No. 3718 from Blair H Cochrane (Harting), Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), W B Henn (Dudley), Jacob Verrall, J W Cook (Waterford), Joseph Orford (Liverpool), and J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3719 received from H Grasett Baldwin, (Sunningdale), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J J Dennis (Gosport), A H Arthur (Bath), J S Forbes (Brighton), J Fowler, R C Durell (Woodford), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), H S Brandreth (Penzance), R Worters (Canterbury), F Smart.

CHESS IN FRANCE.

Game played at the Front in a British trench between Messrs. N M P and D J D.

(*French Defence.*)

WHITE (N M P)	BLACK (D J D)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. B to Q 3rd	P takes P
4. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd
6. B takes Kt	B takes B
7. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 4th
8. P to B 3rd	P takes P
9. P takes P	Q to Kt 3rd
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes P
11. Castles	

The opening began to depart from authoritative lines on White's third move, but in a game recently published a very similar position arises. White's play is not to be commended: but this is scarcely an occasion for criticism.

WHITE (N M P)	BLACK (D J D)
11.	Q takes Kt
12. R to B sq	Q to Kt 5th
13. R takes B (ch)	B to Q sq
14. Q to Q 3rd	Castles
15. R to Kt sq	Q to Q 2nd
16. R takes P	Q to B 3rd
17. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq
18. Kt to K 5th	

This and Black's eleventh move precipitate the end: but nothing Black can do would avert disaster.

18.	P to Q R 4th
19. Kt takes B P (ch)	R takes Kt
20. R takes R	Q takes R
21. R takes B (ch)	

Black resigns.

Chess in America has lost a very generous supporter in the person of Professor Rice, who died recently in New York. Within the last month he subscribed 1000 dollars to the prize fund of the New York tournament to be held in the beginning of 1916, and only a few days before his death gave 120 dollars to the American *Chess Bulletin* towards prizes for a new problem competition. His enthusiastic efforts to put the Rice Gambit on a sound footing provides a fascinating chapter in chess history, and there is little doubt his loss will be severely felt in American circles.

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